PHILIP DODDRIDGE

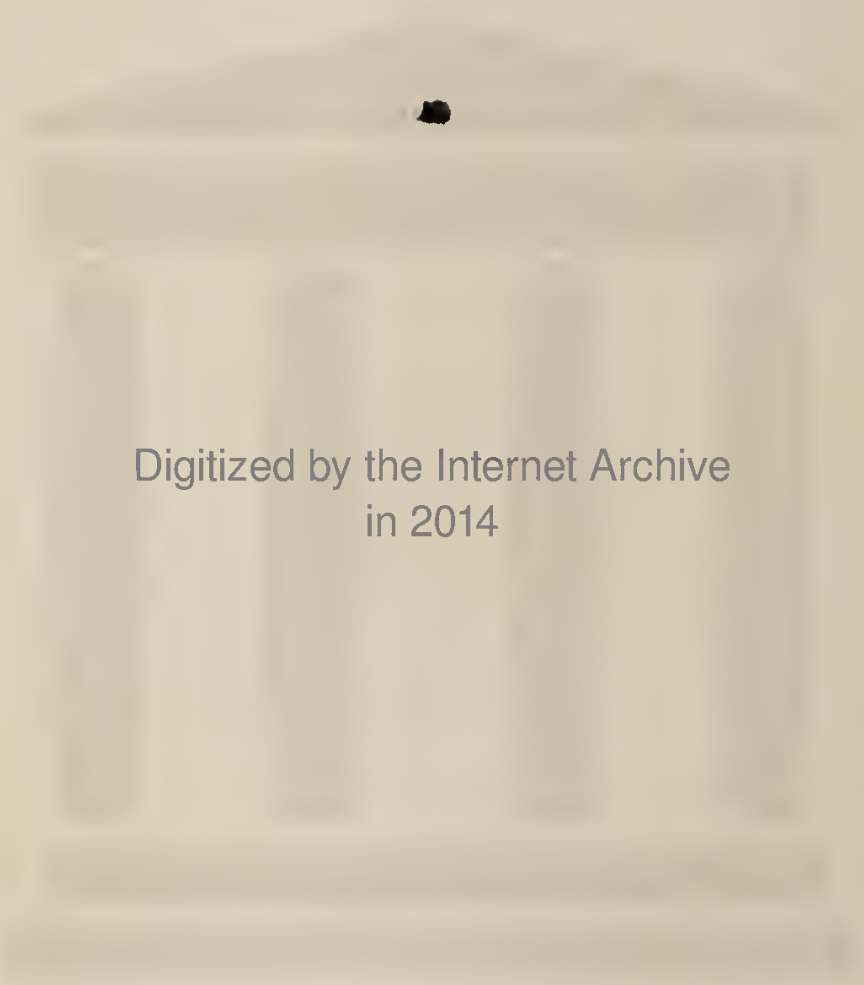
BY

CHARLES STANFORD

Library of the Theological Seminary,
PRINCETON, N. J.

BX 8491 .H46 v.3
Heroes of Christian history

Shelf.....



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/heroesofchristia03unse

HEROES OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY.

A Series of Popular Biographies

BY

EMINENT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS.

To be issued at brief intervals.

12mo Vols., bound in cloth. Price, 75c. each.

A series of short biographies of men eminent in religious history, by writers of recognized ability. Popular in style, trustworthy, and comprehensive, and dealing with the most interesting characters and events in the story of the Christian Church. The series will condense, in entertaining form, the essential facts of the great body of religious literature, and will have special value for the large class anxious for information touching these great men, but unable, by reason of limited leisure or means, to read more elaborate works.

HENRY MARTYN.

By the Rev.

CHARLES D. BELL, M.A., D.D.,

Honorary Canon of Carlisle, and Rector of Cheltenham.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

By the Rev.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.,

Author of "Homes and Haunts of Luther," "History of Religion in England," etc.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

By the Rev.

CHARLES STANFORD, D.D.,

Author of "Joseph Alleine," "Homilies on Christian Work."

STEPHEN GRELLET.

By the Rev.

WILLIAM GUEST, F.G.S.,

Author of "Fidelia Fiske," "The Young Man's Safeguard in the Perils of the Age," etc.

RICHARD BAXTER.

By the Rev.
G. D. BOYLE, M.A.,
Dean of Salisbury, and late Vicar of Kidderminster.

JOHN KNOX.

By the Rev.
WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.,
Of New York,
Author of "The Limitations of Life," etc.

WILLIAM CAREY.

By the Rev.
JAMES CULROSS, D.D.,
Author of "The Disciple whom Jesus Loved."

ROBERT HALL.

By the Rev.
E. PAXTON HOOD,
Author of "The World of Anecdote," "The Romance of Biography," etc.

FLETCHER OF MADELEY.

By the Rev.
F. W. MACDONALD.

JOHN WYCLIFFE.

By the Rev.
JAMES FLEMING, B.D.,
Hon. Chaplain to the Queen, Canon of York, and Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square.

THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D.

By the Rev.
DONALD FRASER, D.D.,
Author of "Blending Lights," etc.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

By the Rev.
H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D.,
Author of "Studies in Life," etc.

*** Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

New York: A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, 714 Broadway.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

BY

CHARLES STANFORD, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF

"JOSEPH ALLEINE," "CENTRAL TRUTHS," ETC.

NEW YORK:

A. C. ARMSTRONG AND SON,

714 BROADWAY.

MDCCCLXXXI.

[*All rights reserved.*]

INTRODUCTION.

THIS essay is the condensed result of much inquiry. The best thanks of the author are due to the Rev. Principal Newth, D.D., by whose kindness he has had access to many curious relics and papers, as well as to the original MSS. of Doddridge's correspondence, left by the late Joshua Wilson, Esq., and now in the library of the New College, London; to Dr. Risdon Bennett, President of the Royal College of Physicians, who has allowed him to use interesting documents inherited from the Rev. Risdon Darracott, one of Doddridge's pupils; to John Taylor, Esq., of Northampton, who has helped him greatly, and with untiring courtesy; to the Rev. Thomas Arnold, who now occupies Doddridge's pulpit; the Rev. J. T. Brown, the Rev. Dr. Clemance, and his successor at Nottingham, the Rev. John Bartlett, ministers who have entrusted him with the loan of their valuable church books; to the Rev. Principal Angus, D.D.; Sir Charles Reed, M.P.; the Rev. Sidney W. Bowser, of Exeter; the Rev. Walter W. Martin, Rector of Shepperton; the Rev. A. E. Seymour, Vicar of Barnstaple; the Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, and Arthur Burrell, Esq., of the same College; the Rev. E. Hipwood, Kibworth; the Rev. J. Balshaw, Newport

Pagnell; W. Chapman, Esq., Waverley House, Kingston-on-Thames; J. F. Nichols, Esq., of the Bristol Free Library, and others.

Many of these gentlemen have furnished him with the knowledge of facts never before printed. From such materials, and from reliable traditions, he originally prepared the manuscript of a much larger work than the present. It seemed to be wanted. Few Christian leaders in the last century were so active, representative, and influential as Dr. Doddridge. "He laboured, and other men have entered into his labours." But although we have Mr. Orton's biography, and Dr. Stoughton's graceful centenary memorial of him, he is now too much forgotten. "Who was Dr. Doddridge?" "Was he really an Unitarian?" "Did he write anything besides the 'Pilgrim's Progress'?" "What did he do?" These, or similar questions, are sometimes asked, and this book, as at first written with great delight, was intended to supply all the information that could be found. The writer, however, gradually felt a suspicion that busy modern men could not spare time to give it attention, and he has therefore cut it down to what it is, in the hope that by so doing he may gain more readers, and do more good.

July, 1880.

CONTENTS.

I.

THE FAMILY RECORDS PAGE 1

II.

EARLY DAYS 13

III.

KIBWORTH HARCOURT 21

IV.

SETTLEMENT AT NORTHAMPTON 37

V.

HIS ANSWER TO THE QUESTION OF THE DAY . . 42

VI.

MARRIED LIFE 55

VII.

THE ACADEMY 67

VIII.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN CONNECTION WITH THE GREAT REVIVAL 83

IX.

PAGE

LIFE AND WORK IN GENERAL SOCIETY . . . 107

X.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE 122

XI.

DODDRIDGE, KING GEORGE, AND THE PRETENDER 133

XII.

PLANS FOR CHRISTIAN UNION 151

XIII.

WRITINGS 159

XIV.

THE INNER LIFE SPRINGING: THE OUTER LIFE SPENT 171

ERRATA.

On Page 42, after the motto, for BYRON read BYROM.

,, ,, 59, in 9th line, for "high living" read "high thinking."

I.

THE FAMILY RECORDS.

"I have thought that such little records might be useful in families, whether the subjects of them were good or bad. A lighthouse may serve equally the purpose of leading you into a haven, or deterring you from a rock."

WILLIAM GILPIN, *Vicar of Boldre*, 1753.

IN the days of King Edward the Confessor there lived a man named Dodo. According to "Domesday Book" he owned certain manors in the county of Devon. One of these was near Crediton, and here, it is said, he fixed his home. In that land of picturesque dells and declivities it was natural that *Dodo* should build his house upon a *ridge;* and having done so, it was natural that Dodoridge should henceforward be the name both of the place and of the people who dwelt there. Tradition tells us that this was the case, and that here the family, though "minished and brought low," had some land left after the Normans had taken all their other lands away.

The modern Doddridges are supposed to be descendants from this ancient Dodo. There is no documentary proof of this, but it looks likely, and the supposition tallies both with their undisputed claim to Saxon origin and with the story of Prince, who, writing about them in 1702, says, "the domain of Doderidge, in the hundred of Crediton, had, long since, lords so called."

The first person of the name about whom we have any historical certainty was one Richard Doddridge, who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, left South Moulton, where

he was a landowner, and where his children were born, to establish himself at Barnstaple, at which place he afterwards became an influential merchant and magistrate. A few notices of him still remain in the locality, like faint footprints on the sand, hardly more than showing that he has been there, and that he was a man of mark. Among these is an entry in an old journal belonging to the Corporation, to the effect that in the spring assizes of 1590 "Lord Anderson," the judge, lodged at his house; and there are also entries under the various usual *capita* in the Church Register: for instance, we have the following under the head of Baptisms:—"Grace, a neiger servant of Mr. Richard Doddridge, April 6, 1596." This gentleman was the grandfather of Dr. Doddridge's grandfather; to make out which fact we now have something to say in order about three of his sons.

John, his first son, was born at South Moulton, in the year 1555, and at the age of twenty became "a sojourner" at Exeter College, Oxford; where, according to Wood, "he obtained the reputation of a severe student and a noted disputant." After a residence of four years he took one degree in arts, and about the same time his name was entered in the admission register of the Middle Temple. In the years 1593 and 1602 he was appointed Lent Lecturer at the New Inn. In 1603 he was made Serjeant-at-law to Prince Henry. In 1604 he was discharged from that office by special writ, when he became Solicitor-General to King James the First. In the same year he was returned M.P. for Horsham. In June, 1607, he was constituted one of the King's Serjeants. In the month following he received the honour of knighthood. After an interval of five years he was made one of the Justices of the Common Pleas, and after that, of the King's Bench. On the 25th of November, 1613, "a deputation from Oxford University, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, both Proctors, and five Academicians," came to Serjeants' Inn for the purpose of conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts, a compliment altogether without precedent.

Sir John was the author of several works on professional subjects, having the following titles: "The Lawyer's Light," "The Compleat Parson," "An Historical Account of the Ancient and Modern Estate of * * Wales, Cornwall, and Chester," "Treatise on the King's Prerogative," and "Honor's Pedigree." These books are now mainly interesting as literary antiquities. Each leaf looks dry as an old dry door in a Tudor gatehouse, and is studded with the nails of quaint and learned quotation. They were, however, quoted as oracles by the men of his day, by whom he was distinguished as "that ancient Father of the Law, the Reverend and Learned Sir John Dodoridge."

The common people generally called him "The Sleeping Judge," from his habit of keeping his eyes shut during a trial. If, however, any rogue ever thought that his reverend lordship had melted off into the gentle luxury of sleep, that rogue always found in due time that he had been mistaken. He only shut his eyes while hearing, as Richard Hooker did while preaching, to shut out all sublunary distractions. The eyes of his body might be shut, but it seems that the eyes of his soul were open; for, says Thomas Fuller, "his soul held the scale of justice with so steady a hand that neither love nor lucre, fear nor flattery, could bow him to either side."

This testimony must be accepted with some reserve. He was not immaculate. "When the practice of privately interrogating the judges was adopted," Lord Bacon informs us that he made no objection. Like some of his colleagues on the judicial bench, he was too ready to accommodate his opinions to the royal wishes. This was shown when, in 1627, he and they refused to admit Hampden and others to bail, after they had been committed for not paying a loan demanded by the king without Parliament. On their being called before the House of Lords in the following April, to assign reasons for this arbitrary decision, though he attempted to justify it, he seemed to acknowledge that there had been some mistake, by concluding in this strain of apology: "It is no more fit for a judge to decline to give an account of

his doings than a Christian of his faith. God knoweth I have endeavoured to keep a good conscience, for a troubled one who can bear? I have now sat in this court fifteen years, and I should know something; surely if I had gone in a mill so long, dust would cleave unto my clothes! I am old, and have one foot in the grave, therefore I will look to the better part as near as I can. But 'Omnia habere in memoria et in nullo errare divinum potius est quam humanum.'"[1]

He was one of the founders of the Society of Antiquaries.[2] In the Cottonian MSS. are two letters of his, miracles of delicate penmanship, written to Sir Robert Cotton on its affairs.[3] From affectionate references to him in correspondence, and in other ways, we find that he was much valued as a friend by such men as Bishop Andrews, Camden, Spelman, Stowe, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir John Davies. It was no slight honour to be a star in such a constellation.

Sir John was married three times, but had no children. What he thought about this comes out in the language of one of his dedications: "Among temporal blessings given from God and poured upon men this is not the least—for a man to behold the fruit of his own body, *surculum ex radice*. An impe, a graffe, the olive branches about his table, the hope of his posterity, the image of himself, and the staff of his old age, the consideration of the want whereof caused that good old patriarch out of the bitterness of his soul to cry and make his complaint to God in these words: 'Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and lo, one born in my house is mine heir?'"

He died at Fosters, near Egham, in Surrey, on the 13th of September, 1628; and was buried in great state in Exeter Cathedral, on the 14th of October next following.

In the Lady chapel of that cathedral, under two

[1] "Parliamentary History," vol. ii. p. 291.
[2] "Introduction to the Archæologia."
[3] Cottonian MSS. "Julius C." vol. iii. p. 149.

separate arches in the thick wall, there are monuments to him and his lady. That of the Judge is a rich sarcophagus of black and white marble, on which is placed his recumbent figure, dressed as in life. Much of the scarlet on the robe remains, also much of the colour in the heraldic devices. Only a few specks of gold gleam in the letters. The epitaph closes with the words :

> NUNC OBIT DODERIGVS IUDEX
> LEARNING ADIEU FOR DODERIDGE IS GON
> TO FIX HIS EARTHIE TO THE HEAVENLIE THRONE.

Like the long Latin inscription over his effigy, the story of his life is now so dim, that few will take pains to decypher it. He is only historical by what appears to have been his obsequious and unwise support of the royal prerogative as exercised against the liberties of England. Still, he was a great man in his day, and verily meant to do right. If you wish to see his picture, it is in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington ; to which place it has been removed by order of Government from the Bird Gallery in the British Museum, where it hung for many years just over the Dodo (*Didus ineptus*, Lin.).

Pentecost, was the second son of Richard, and to him the Judge left all his estates. The son and representative of Pentecost, John Doddridge the *second*, was born on the 11th of November, 1610;[1] was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, took his bachelor's degree in 1642;[2] was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, at some time, now untraceable, and was made Recorder of Barnstaple. Prince assures us that he "was excellently well skilled in all parts of learning, especially in antiquities." His only brother[3] died shortly after taking his Master's

[1] Barnstaple Parish Register.

[2] MS. Register in the Bodleian Library.

[3] This was Richard, who, according to the Barnstaple Register, was baptized "Nov. 19, 1615." His name occurs in the lists of Exeter College, Oxford, as having matriculated there in 1634. "Año Dñi 1634 to Sept 9° Rickūs Doddridge Devoñ. fil. Pentecosti Doddridge de Barnstable in cōm prd. Gen. an. nat. 18." He took B.A. in 1637, and M.A. in 1640. The tombstone of Pentecost is in the chancel of Barnstaple parish church.

degree at Exeter College; and, shortly after the death of this brother, on February 23, 1643, his father died, leaving him everything he had. A vacancy occurring in the representation of Barnstaple, he was chosen to serve it as one of its members in the Long Parliament. It was the passion of his life to fight for the liberties of the people as represented by the House of Commons. This brought him into conflict with the policy of Charles, but he was opposed to all extreme measures in dealing with the king personally. When, on the 5th of December, 1648, the Commons passed a vote tending to accommodation with the king, and the soldiers under Colonel Pride excluded the majority by force, he was one of the excluded; and his name appears in the list of protesters given in the pamphlet issued on the second day of the following January, and entitled, "Vindication of the Imprisoned Members." When the third parliament of the Protectorate was called in July, 1656, he was returned member for Bristol, of which city he was at that time the Recorder. Being one of those against whose name Cromwell's Council had made a black mark, he was not allowed to enter the House. Against this act of violence he joined in an appeal, which seems to have had effect, for, on February 4, 1657–58, we find him in his place, taking part in an exciting debate. The Commons had to answer a message from Cromwell's newly-created Lords, and the question on which much was thought to hinge was, whether they should be addressed as "the House of Peers," or only as "the other House"? We learn from the short and broken notes of his speech that yet survive, that he said: "I am not only against the title, but against the thing." A patrician order is the growth of time; "but this House of Lords is only an embryo—it is a child of four months old — it wants form and figure." Then he went on with other objections. Serjeant Maynard followed, but as he was speaking, the debate was interrupted by the Usher of the Black Rod, and the members of the "Talking Apparatus" were summoned to meet his awful Highness in the House of

Lords, when he delivered his last public speech, closing it with the memorable sentence, "I do dissolve this Parliament, and God judge between you and me." On December 5, 1657, he edited certain manuscript essays written by eminent jurists, his late uncle being one of them; and published them in a book entitled, "Opinions touching the Antiquity, Power, Order, State, Manner, Persons, and Proceedings of the High Courts of Parliament." To this he prefixed a discourse of his own on "Free Parliaments," in which he says, "It hath been the opinion of our ancestors that to a Parliament rightly constituted, there ought to be a lawful summons, a free election, a true return, liberty of admission into the House, and a quiet session there, with a just freedom of speech and debate, without fear of disturbance; these they accounted the essentials of a Parliament: if there be an error in any of these, it soon declines and loseth its true vigour and authority. As for privileges of Parliament, they esteemed them of that absolute necessity that, if they were denied or interrupted, it cannot properly be a Parliament any more than the body can be without a soul."

Along with the old treasures belonging to the Bristol municipalia may be seen two large silver-gilt flagons, richly chased, and bearing the inscription, "Ex dono Johanis Dodridge, Recordatoris Civitatis Bristoll, 1658." A recent examination of his will, which was written in the same year, has opened a further insight into what he was. In connection with many other bequests, we find that he left to Harvard College, in New England, the yearly sum of ten pounds for ever, issuing from the rectory of Fremington, of which he was lay impropriator; he left a legacy to each of the famous Presbyterians—his "very dear friends"—Edmund Calamy, B.D., Doctor Bates, and James Nalton; also one to his cousin, Mr. John Doderidge, minister of Shepperton. A large sum was left to his friend, Mr. Nathaniel Mather, the vicar of Barnstaple, who, after the Act of Uniformity, became Independent minister at Lime Street, and to the memory of whose rare

piety and learning Dr. Watts has inscribed some Latin verses; he bequeathed a sum of fifty pounds annually to the incumbent of the church at Ilfracombe; also a similar sum for the endowment of a lecture in the parish church at Fremington, whose minister at that time was Mr. John Bartlet, one of his personal friends, who had also contracted, as it is said, "an intimate and most endearing friendship with the great John Howe." Mr. Doddridge had married three times, but was without family. After suitable provision for his widow, the substance of his property was divided between his two sisters. The parish library at Barnstaple was "finished," so we read in the old catalogue, "by the executors of that worthy and pious benefactor, John Doddridg Esquire; by whose bounty it was also furnished with many worthy books." He died at Cheshunt on the 22nd of March, 1666, it is supposed, at the house of his father-in-law, Sir Thomas Dacres.

The next son of the patriarch Richard was the great-grandfather of our divine. In one of the Harleian MSS. on Devonshire pedigrees, date about 1630, there is his name, "Philip Dodderidge," under his shield of arms, drawn by Richard Munday.[1] No other particulars are given. His only son was the *third* John Doddridge. He is thus entered in the matriculation lists of the New Inn Hall, Oxford: "1638. March 22. John Doddridge, Middlesex, son of Philip Doddridge of Thistleworth in the county aforesaid, of good rank, aged 18."[2] There is no record of his taking M.A. preserved in Anthony Wood's MSS. of the Registers; probably this was lost in the confusions of the Civil War, just at this time. In 1649 he was presented by Sir Henry Reynell to the living of Shepperton, in his father's neighbourhood. The parish church of St. Nicholas was near the Thames,—so near,

[1] Arms:—"Argent, two Pales wavy, Azure; between nine Cross Croslets, Gules."

[2] Copy:—"Aula Novi Hospitii. Año Dñi 1638. Mar. 22. Joñes Doddridge Middlesex. fil. Phillip. Dodd. de Thistleworth in Com. p^rd. Gen. an. nat. 18."

that early in the century it had been washed away by an overflow of the river, and the new church had been built in 1614, out of the *débris* of the old structure. His sphere of pastoral work was no serene Arcadia. Almost every parish was then an epitome of the nation, and consisted of two fighting parties. It was worse here than in most places, for many of the parishioners were burning with the wrong done to their former much-beloved rector, Mr. Lewis Hughes, who had been ejected by Parliament in the close of 1648, for his bold censures of its proceedings against the king. It was probably assumed that the minister who had been put in his place was one of those who had consented to the king's death. Nothing has been more common than to charge men of his ecclesiastical principles with this, yet nothing could be more unfair, for it was notoriously a mere military act, against which the Presbyterians protested. Whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that his life at Shepperton was an unsettled one. Nothing can give more affecting proof of this than the state of the parish archives. During his fourteen years' tenure of office, we find no marriages recorded until the last year, when there are five. One baptism and two funerals are noted in the last three years, but all is blank before. When, in August, 1662, the Act of Uniformity was passed, Mr. Doddridge seems to have hesitated, for he officiated in the Church so late as February 18, 1663. At length, conscience compelled him to resign, and of course he was a great loser for conscience' sake. In the Parliamentary Survey made in 1650, and the MS. report of which is kept in the Lambeth Library, he is mentioned as possessed of a yearly income of £130, besides the tithes from certain farms and meadows, and the glebe land of nineteen acres. Taking into account the difference in the value of the currency between that and the present time, he had to resign a large income, and with his family of ten children to provide for, this was a grave sacrifice. Henceforward he had to lead a harassed and restless life, in the course of which he spent all his patrimony. In

his latter days he was the pastor of a small congregation of devoted friends who met near Brentford, and most likely in some private house. According to Calamy, "he was an ingenious man and a scholar; an acceptable preacher, and a very peaceable divine." In September, 1689, he died suddenly. His people might have expressed their sorrow in words that we find in an old church book, and that were written about this time, concerning the sudden removal of another minister: "He was taken away suddenly, when very few of the congregation had any knowledge of his weakness, that they might lift up a prayer for him. . . . His removal was public losse to the Interest of Christ, he being as it were, the Chariots of Israel and the hors-men thereof. . . . He would often will the church to observe solemn days of prayer and humiliation, and was much delighted in such work; but now he is gone from the Society of Mourners to a company of Harpers harping with their Harps, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb: He had gon in and out before this people, and bin a tender nurse or father to them for severall years past. In wearinesse and painfulnesse, in frequent watchings for them through many straits and temptations that befell him, and was willing to spend and be spent for them. But lo! now he is gon, he is gon."

By this time, only two of John Doddridge's children were living. These were his sons, Daniel and Philip. Philip was a solicitor, and held, for many years, the post of Steward to the House of Russell, under William, the fifth Earl, and first Duke of Bedford. Some of his brown-leaved books, in their old black leathern dresses, have been kept together until now. They include curious editions of the Greek and Latin classics, and certain English and French works, now rare or forgotten. If it be true that a man's mind is known by the company it keeps, we may, upon the whole, fairly infer from the relics of his library, that he was a genial gentleman, well versed in "the humanities," and posted up in the knowledge of his times.

Daniel was evidently not the genius of the family. John Doddridge Humphreys says that "he received a mercantile education, and made some property in London." "He was an oilman," Job Orton insists on saying, and this phrase is much the best. Perhaps he was comforted by recollecting the deliverance of Judge Doddridge: "For a gentleman, of whatsoever estate he be, though he go to plough, and though he have nothing in his purse, yet he is a gentleman."

For many years, all the way over in the Austrian Empire—no person would have dreamt it—events were growing, one issue of which was, Daniel's introduction to a good wife. Frederick, the Protestant Elector Palatine, who had married the daughter of our King James the First, had been tempted to accept the crown of Bohemia. This gave great delight to the Protestants, but brought down upon himself the angry power of Pope Gregory the Fifteenth and the Emperor Ferdinand. It ended in his own ruin, and that of his co-religionists. The preachers were at once driven out of the country, for the cry was—"Turn out the pipers, and you stop the dance." In 1626, just at the agony of the crisis, one of these poor pipers, a certain Lutheran student, named John Bauman, was forced to disguise himself as a peasant, and take flight for England. On his way, he spent some time at Saxe Gotha, and other places. On his arrival, having good certificates from his university and introductions from German scholars, he succeeded in establishing a school at Kingston-on-Thames. Here he married; and here, in 1668, he died, leaving one daughter of very tender age, who eventually became Mistress Daniel Doddridge.

Sir Charles Reed has an old drawing of the house in London in which this couple lived, but we are uncertain as to its exact whereabouts. Here, on June the 26th, 1702, a child was born. It was a small, red, nameless concretion of humanity, and seemed at first to be scarcely worth thinking about, for not the sign of a soul lightened in the pinched, puckered little face; but

after a while, a servant noticing a sigh, took pains with the slight, rudimentary thing, and by that at length fostered it into life. The infant, who in a few days after received the name of Philip, was the twentieth child of his parents, but only one of them, and that one a girl named Elizabeth, had survived.

"The sons of God are born, not of 'bloods,'" [1] that is, not of particular races. But though their earthly pedigree have nothing to do with their divine life, or their heavenly inheritance, it is a great natural advantage to come of a good stock, and a true help to education to have inspiring family memories. On this account it is hoped that an attempt to recover the lost story of Doddridge's Family Tree will not be without interest.

[1] Οἳ οὐκ ἐξ αἱμάτων. John i. 13.

II.

EARLY DAYS.

"Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there:
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye; now, many a written thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.
Released, he chases the bright butterfly;
Oh, he would follow—follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain
And chides and buffets, clinging to the mane;
Then runs, and kneeling by the fountain side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat, so much his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!"

SAMUEL ROGERS.

A CHILD'S life generally opens into a scene of pleasant wonders. One of the first wonders that the child Philip Doddridge saw was new St. Paul's, then in its spick and span whiteness. While he was watching the workmen on the dome beginning to build the lantern, Sir Christopher Wren was doing the like as he stood on the leads of his house at Camberwell, looking through his telescope. While the little one was glancing up the street, bannered with signs all swinging in the wind, Addison was writing: "Our streets are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, and Red Lyons,

not to mention Flying Pigs, and Hogs in Armour, with other Creations more extraordinary than any in Africa." He always kept a happy recollection of this old city, so unlike the London we know, and said not long before he died, "Oh, London! dear city of my youth!" Two memorials of this time may still be seen. One is a picture of himself as a child playing with a dog; the other is of his sister, representing her as a graceful little lady carrying a basket of flowers.

In the common room of the family, the fireplace was lined with Dutch tiles, which set forth the chief events of Scripture story. In some old house you may have seen a duplicate of this Pictorial Bible with its glistering blue and white illuminations, to wit: The apple tree with a serpent in it; Noah looking out from the window of an ark smaller than himself; Eli falling back from the top of a five-barred gate; a very great Jonah coming out of a very little whale; Peter sailing over the Sea of Galilee in a Dutch three-decker; a Prodigal Son in a periwig; and so on. But the child was not old enough to be critical; these tiles were doubtless full of wisdom and of wonder to him, and were glorious with suggestions out of which his mind made its own pictures and lighted its own poetry. Before he could read, his mother used to teach him delightful lessons out of this book, and these never faded. Thus he took his first degree, and here began the biblical scholarship that found final development in the "Family Expositor."

Sometimes she would hold out to him a certain strange-looking book in two volumes, bound in black, stamped leather, plated with silver, and with a quaint inscrutable-looking title page. It was a copy of Doctor Martin Luther's Bible, dated "Strassburg, MDXXVI."

She would often tell the story of this book, which seemed to him to be all the newer for the much telling. When his grandfather was driven out of his Bohemian home on account of his faith, the property he took with him consisted of a hundred gold pieces and this volume, which he valued above all the gold in the world. After

sleeping in a country inn on one of the first nights of his journey, when he set out in the morning, the fugitive forgot to buckle on his belt, into the seams of which he had stitched all his money. It was not until he had reached the next stopping place, after a weary tramp all day, that he missed it; he then hurried back, and found that the servant, not thinking that such an old frayed band could be of any value, had flung it into an angle under the staircase, used as a kind of museum of worthless things, kept there until they had been duly studied, or had crumbled away by the chemistry of nature, or were carted off by the dustman. He searched for his belt, found it, and went on his way thanking the Lord. The point was, that, though he once forgot his gold, he never forgot his Bible.

We may say anticipatively that, in 1724, Doddridge wrote his own name in the first volume, and under it this inscription:

"These Bibles, my Honoured Grandfather, Mr. John Bauman, brought with him from Germany, his native Country, when he fled on foot from the Persecution there on account of the Protestant Religion.

"'For he had Respect to the Recompence of Reward' (Heb. xi. 26).

"'The Law of Thy mouth is better to me than Thousands of Gold and Silver' (Psalm cxix. 72).

"'Be ye Followers of them who through Faith and Patience inherit the Promises' (Heb. vi. 12)."

The fine, strong sensibilities of this delicate child were very receptive of impressions from a family legend like this, and also of a thousand tender touches of the creed of creeds that were sung or shone into his heart by his mother.

He received his first lessons in "grammaticals" at home, with a Mr. Stott for his tutor. When about ten years old, he was sent away to a school at Kingston-on-Thames. We have always been told that it was the Free School, over which we have also been told that his grandfather Bauman had once presided, who had by this time been succeeded by Mr. Mayo. This is an error.

The Free School was founded in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It has no traditions of our Philip, and recently, all its documents having been searched through, a complete list of twenty-seven successive masters has been made out from the year 1566, until now, and every year has been accounted for, but no trace has been found of Bauman or of Mayo. The school we are looking for must have been a private one.

Daniel Mayo, M.A., was the son of the good old Vicar of Kingston, who had been ejected for Nonconformity. Since 1698, he had himself been minister of a Nonconformist congregation in the same place, and also master of a school. Before that, he studied at Utrecht under Witsius. While there he printed a Latin thesis on Miracles, which was much commended. Seventeen treatises and single sermons of his, once alive with spiritual fire, now dead as fossils, are to be seen in our old libraries. As a preacher, he proclaimed the Deity of Jesus, and gloried in the cross. In 1714, when Matthew Henry died, exactly half the votes of the church were in favour of electing him as successor, and the result was an amicable arrangement by which an additional congregation was formed, which assembled in the Gravel Pit Meeting with Mr. Mayo for the pastor. The family of Mr. Henry, regarding him as a true and trusty friend, secured his help in finishing the Commentary, which he gave by writing the articles on 2 Corinthians and 1 Thessalonians. Our small alumnus gained great good from Mr. Mayo's teaching, to which, when he became a man, he made graceful reference in a printed sermon on the Education of Children.[1]

Philly, for that was his name for many years, had always been used to spend his holidays at his uncle's. At such times he was kindly noticed by the Duchess of Bedford, when he was hailed as a sprightly playfellow by the children of the Russell family, and some of them became his fast friends for life.

[1] "Works," vol. ii. p. 56.

While he was at this first school, he learned the meaning of the word sorrow. First, his uncle died; then, his mother, the gentle Monica, to whom all the churches owe a large debt of gratitude; and last, on the 17th of July, 1715, he was called to part with his father. Forty years after, it was found that he had written in his secret journal when this blow fell, "God is an immortal Father, my soul rejoiceth in Him; He hath hitherto helped me and provided for me; may it be my study to approve myself a more affectionate, grateful, and dutiful child."

A prosperous looking gentleman, named Downes, now assumed the office of guardian to the orphan, no one asking him. In that capacity he removed the lad to a school at St. Albans, where he himself lived. The principal was Doctor Nathaniel Wood, the Nonconformist minister of a small congregation in a village close by. He appears to have been a thorough and careful scholar; a true "magister;" and in his humble sphere was proud as Colet once was in his own august one of the schoolmaster's high vocation. By him, the word "school" certainly would not, in the softer sense of the meaning, have been interpreted σχολή, "leisure;" and if the end of school discipline is to show the way to work—that is, if one object is to strengthen the memory, to furnish the mind with rules, dates, names, strings of vocables, and formulas of mathematics; if another is to compel boys to a distinct mastery of that which they do not wish to learn; and if the highest of all is to educate Christian conscience and love—then there was no reason to regret the change of schools. Philly began to acquire the habit, which so distinguished him in after life, of working methodically, exactly, and instantly, at whatever he aimed to do; and of finding, as he said, "that the best recreation is in the change from one work to another."

The light-hearted, popular lad was already known to be a Christian. Although he never could tell when he first lighted on the gospel secret, he might have said, like his contemporary, Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe: "My infant hands were early lifted up to Thee, and I soon learned

to acknowledge the God of my fathers." The firm will and wise love of his pastor, Mr. Clark, greatly helped his spiritual life at this stage, and one consequence was that he became openly decided, and joined the Church on the 1st of January, 1718.

This solemn happiness was suddenly followed by a calamity. Mr. Downes, his self-constituted guardian, was full of kind feeling; he was impulsive, effusive, persuasive, and was marked by lively alacrity of benevolence: but for all that, he was never considered in the city to be "a safe man." All at once there was a collapse in his affairs; he lost the property of his wards as well as his own in some unsuccessful venture, and was thrown into prison for debt. To get him out of prison, Philly sold his own family plate. Then, in better spirits than ever, the emancipated man busied himself in various speculations, one of which, called "his water-works," was a plan for superseding the New Company by supplying London with water from St. Albans. The only effect of this enthusiasm that we now know was the total wreck of what little had been left of the Doddridge inheritance.

Philip Doddridge at once left school and went to see his sister, lately married to the Reverend Mr. John Nettleton, who seems then to have been keeping school at a house "near the Windmill" on Hampstead Heath. From her and from his new brother he had a warm welcome, and it was agreed that he should stay at their house until it became clear what was to be done. His own heart was set on becoming a minister. The Duchess of Bedford hearing of this, and also of the change in his worldly circumstances, made him the generous offer that if he would become a Conformist, she would support the cost of his education at either of the Universities, and that, if she should live until he had taken orders, would provide for him in the Church. It would have been glorious to go to Exeter College, sacred to the memory of his fathers, and doubtless there was a moment of wavering. But of course, as his Nonconformity grew out of his interpretation of God's revealed will, and not out of

his own natural preferences, there was no room for a question, and he was obliged gratefully but sadly to decline.

He then waited on Dr. Calamy, then regarded as "a kind of Chief Rabbi among the Dissenters," who gave him no encouragement, but advised him to turn his thoughts to something else. Doddridge writes: "It was with great concern that I received such advice, but I desire to follow Providence, and not force it. The Lord give me grace to glorify Him in whatever station He sets me! Then, here am I, let Him do what seemeth good in His sight." This advice by Dr. Calamy has sometimes been cited as a remarkable illustration of the mistakes in judgment that are sometimes made by the wisest men; but it really seems likely that the doctor, seeing the Nonconformist interest to be in a decline, and that its next ministers would have to plough in a rough and thorny field, thought that the slender youth before him was not strong enough for such a life. About three weeks after this discouragement, Mr. Humphreys informs us that "the celebrated conveyancer of the day, Mr. Horseman, who had long been intimate with the family, interested himself warmly in his favour, and deeming the talents of his young friend likely to lead to eminence at the bar, introduced him to a counsellor named Eyre, who made him a handsome proposal." The case was full of perplexity. It seemed impossible to put his heart into any vocation but that of the Christian ministry. He was in a mist of trouble; trouble made him pray more earnestly, and one day, when he was in prayer, the news-man's knock startled him, and there was a letter from his old pastor, the substance of which was, that if he continued in his strong resolution to be a minister, he was heartily welcome to come and live in his manse at St. Albans, where he would do his best to help him until he had an introduction to some academy. "This," said he, "I looked upon almost as an answer from heaven; and while I live shall adore so seasonable an interposition of Divine Providence. I have sought God's direction in this matter, and I hope

I have had it. My only view in my choice hath been that of more extensive service ; and I beg God to make me an instrument of doing much good in the world." He continued for several months with his kind friend, Mr. Clark, who in October, 1719, procured his admission to the academy at Kibworth Harcourt, and was responsible for the cost of his studies.

III.

KIBWORTH HARCOURT.

"A husbandman within Thy Church by grace,
I am, O Lord ! and labour at the plough ;
My hand holds fast, ne will I turn my face
From following Thee, although the soile be rough."
HENRY LOK, *Gentleman* (1593–1597).

PERHAPS we sometimes speak of "Nonconformists" and "Dissenters" without recollecting what these words exactly mean ; and this is the fitting place for a brief explanation. The term "Nonconformist" has a different tint of meaning from the term "Dissenter." It does not of necessity imply objection to the State establishment of a Church, but only to the *form* or *forms* of the Church actually established. It was not a distinctive term for "Dissenters" before the year 1662, when, ousted by the Act of Uniformity, two thousand Nonconformist clergymen left the Church of England and joined the ranks of Dissent. Dr. Winter Hamilton has justly said, "We deem it a most unhappy misconception of history that Independents and Baptists should have recorded that day as *their* memorable day." It was not *their* trial. It was not, at any rate, the assertion of anti-state-churchism that was made then, for those who joined in the illustrious exodus were not anti-state-churchmen. They would have gladly stayed in the State Church if they could. They only went out of it because they held a theology which they felt to be inconsistent with the sacerdotal and sacramental theories of the

Prayer Book, theories which had been brought out by the revisers with sharp distinctness and logical order on purpose to keep men of their faith outside the ecclesiastical pale. So it came to pass that two thousand clerical Nonconformists, holding the principle of establishments, joined the ancient body of Dissenters, who did not hold it. One result of this fusion was that the temper of both parties was softened. Another result was, that the Nonconformists, forced to be Dissenters in practice, generally and gradually became so in principle. Another result was, that Nonconformists being both as to status and cultus the most influential of the separatists, their name, at first only sectional, commonly became the descriptive name of the body to which they had become united. As time went on other changes were brought about. Presbyterians and Congregationalists, under which second head we may include Baptists, were not parted by hard and fast lines; there was very little practical unlikeness between their methods of order and worship, and there was a growing disposition to merge smaller distinctions in the comprehensive title of Nonconformist or of Protestant Dissenter.

Persons of this religious persuasion, being excluded from the Universities, depended for the higher education on what they called the Academies. At first, these were by no means for ministers only, but for all those who would, if permitted by law, have gone to Oxford or Cambridge. How many such academies were in existence at the time of which we are writing is doubtful, but a few years before, twenty had been counted. They were undertaken on the responsibility of the tutors, without any guarantee of help or share of directive authority on the part of the public. Simple and unostentatious as these institutions were, the education they secured was often of the very best. In proof of this we may read the high praise given to them by Nelson in the life of Bishop Bull;[1] also, the well-known letter of Dr. Secker, afterwards Archbishop of

[1] "Life," p.).

Canterbury, describing the curriculum of one of them at which he studied in his youth; also, the evil importance ascribed to them by those who tried to get them put down by law. In a letter addressed to "The Grand Committee of Parliament for Religion," it was asserted that "they endangered the National Universities,"—reference was made to the numbers of the nobility and gentry who would have sought their education at one or other of the great seats of learning—"had they not been intercepted by these sucking academies," and the writer adds that "there must have been some thousands in this way educated."[1]

The head of the Kibworth academy was the Reverend Mr. John Jennings, an Independent minister of rare attainments and delicate culture. What he was in the supreme qualifications for his post we may infer from a book of his, entitled "Two Discourses: the First of Preaching Christ, the Second of Particular and Experimental Preaching; with a Preface by the Revd. Mr. Isaac Watts, 1723." At the time of its first issue it was recommended by two bishops at visitation services; and it was translated into German by Dr. Frank, Divinity Professor at Halle. A volume containing outlines of his Academic Lectures, written by Doddridge in Latin, and with almost microscopic delicacy of hand, is preserved in the New College Library, London. An interesting account of the course and method of teaching has been published in his "Correspondence."[2]

Memoranda written at this time, still surviving, show that, like a true student, it was his habit to work with patience, yet with perpetual eagerness, and with a kind of methodical enthusiasm, reminding us as we read that time is elastic, and that none know how much they can put into it until they try.

Several persons who were influential in various ways used in later years to speak with proud affection of what he was when they were his class-mates at Kibworth. One

[1] "A Letter from a Country Divine" (Samuel Wesley), 1703.
[2] "Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 462.

of these was Sir John Cope, the conspicuous yet the inglorious; another was John Mason, M.A., author of a book on Self-knowledge, that was once a power in the world; another was Doctor Obadiah Hughes; another was the Baptist, James Burroughs, minister of a church in Paul's Alley, London, "furnished," it was said, "with a considerable stock of learning and eloquence, as well as piety,"[1] but he died as early as May 16, 1728, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. A volume of his sermons was published, and on the fly-leaf of a copy in the New College is a long and loving inscription in the handwriting of Doddridge.

Early in 1722, the academy was removed to Hinckley in the same county. Almost immediately after this, a new meeting-house was commenced in this place, but while the congregation still met under the old rafters, Doddridge preached his first sermon, taking for the text: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." Two persons ascribed their conversion to its instrumentality. A man in his novitiate was never allowed to preach beyond the academy chapel until his fitnesses were finally tested in an examination by certain local ministers; who, if they approved, signed a certificate of recommendation, after which he was considered eligible to be invited to a vacant pastorate. In the case of Doddridge all this took place at a meeting of ministers held at Leicester, January 5, 1723. On July 8th, following, good Mr. Jennings died. The smallpox, that terror of our ancestors, struck him down in his prime, after three days' illness. Doddridge, his favourite pupil, had only in the month before succeeded to his old charge over the little church at Kibworth. The people had invited him on the expressed understanding that he should be free to accept a call to any larger sphere. There must have been an ordination service, but all written references to it, including his "confession of faith," have mysteriously vanished.

[1] "Correspondence," vol. i. p. 381.

Practically, this ministerial engagement was little more than a lectureship, and was preferred to others because it allowed him opportunity to continue his studies.

Kibworth, dozing round its old church in the serene hush of a June day, was a soothing sight. In and out, all up the long, straggling street, you saw—here, a thatched cottage; there, standing back in a flagged court, an old house with a rookery behind it; further on, stacks of twisted chimneys looked over the trees; then a row of irregular wigwams, and all the sunny scene was so still that you might have almost thought the buzz of a blue-bottle would startle the town. It was not at all a place looking like the chosen sphere of a man born to make a noise in the world. On the site of the present Crown Inn there once stood the parsonage of Mr. Jennings, and the meeting-house in which Doddridge opened his ministry is still in part standing as one of the buildings in the yard. "The ten commandments" were lettered on the wall behind the pulpit; the Lord's Prayer used to be repeated, and the clerk, on all proper occasions, used to say "amen;" for all which, critics were inclined to indict the minister "for ritualistic practices." About forty persons made the morning congregation; never more than a hundred and fifty came in the evening. Each one slowly stumbled in, sleeking down his hair, tempting the light-hearted youth to write: "My congregation is the most impolite I ever knew, consisting of shepherds, farmers, graziers, and their subalterns." The income amounted to thirty-five pounds a year; "but," he said, "as provisions are cheap I might manage to live upon ten." As to marriage he was of opinion that it was not to be thought of in a hurry, for, as he justly remarked, even an annual stipend of forty pounds "is abundantly little to carry double."

"The prophet's chamber" at this time was at Stretton, two or three miles away, in a hall that had once been lived in by an old Nonconformist family called "the Strettons of Stretton," but which, much altered, had come to be used as a farm-house. The focus of life had been

shifted from the statelier rooms to the great house place. We can almost see this, with its long settle, its press of carved black oak, with a date on it; a broad sheet of "Holy Mr. Dod's sayings" pasted on the wall, and over the mantelpiece a matchlock that had seen Naseby fight, also a crossbow that had been in the wars of the Roses. The handsome stone staircase is still there; so are the fish-ponds, brook, and large garden thus described by Doddridge in July 15, 1723, in a letter to Mrs. Clark:— "You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbour under some tall, shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of a great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which I fancy would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty green sward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows, and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honour to be intimately acquainted." The friendliness of the pigs and of the sleek cart horses, of the speckled hens pecking about, and of the pigeons fluttering down, so flattered him, and he gleaned so much agricultural knowledge in other ways, that he was fast getting qualified, so he boasted, to write a work in continuation of "Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualised." As to his health, in one letter he speaks of himself as "skin and bone;" in another, he says that he "is getting purely well, and already weighs part of a ton," from which we may infer that he had been but poorly, and that country air agreed with him. He turned this life of peaceful sameness to the best account as a student, rising at five in the morning, as was his endeavour all through life, and when no higher duty claimed him working twelve hours a day. In this way, besides

gaining a mastery of the languages and sciences wanted as instruments of biblical interpretation, he became deep in the Fathers of the first four centuries; and tried to read everything that had been written on Church history and on the history of doctrines and controversies. The classic historians he read with a child's eagerness; the old Greek poets were to him fountains of beauty and delight; and he became acquainted with the philosophers and orators of antiquity. A knowledge of the German language had not yet come to be thought essential to complete scholarship, and he never acquired it. In a letter written only a few years before his death we find him saying, "I passed the morning most agreeably in the company of four German divines. *We conversed in Latin* very intelligibly, different as was the accent."[1] Evidently he was never able to converse in German, but he already recreated himself in French dramatic and other literature. All through these obscure years he was unconsciously piling upon the altar materials afterwards to be divinely kindled—large fuel for large flame.

After a while he went to lodge at Burton Overy, then went back to Stretton, and in October, 1725, made his home at Harborough, he having agreed to unite his own little pastorate with the larger one of Mr. Some at that place, to whom he became assistant minister, the two ministers dividing their services between the two congregations.

When he was living at Stretton he said, "I have not so much as a tea-table in my whole diocese, although eight miles in extent. . . . I am confident that there never was one drop of tea consumed in this house since it was built, unless it was camomile." This was a playful over-statement; there were several centres of pleasant society within reach, at which he would have been more than welcome. One of these was Maidwell, the seat of Lady Russell. This lady was the widow of Lord James Russell, sixth son of John, Duke of Bedford. She afterwards

[1] Wilson MSS.

married Sir Henry Houghton, of Houghton Tower, Lancashire. Her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Seawen, of Carshalton, was often with her. Both ladies were members of a dissenting church in London, but were in the habit of spending most of the year in the country, when they were great friends to the ministers. The elder lady had known the young Kibworth pastor nearly all his life, and, when he waited upon her just after coming into Leicestershire, "gave him to understand that he must be no stranger." He would sometimes ride along the old green lanes and bridle paths as far as Maidwell, finding on the way many illustrations of the maxim in ethics, that "the softest road is not always the best." As his steed walked circumspectly back—he on the top of it—the deep holes were sometimes only doubtfully revealed by the moonlight; and there is a letter to her ladyship from her "very humble servant and chaplain," to tell her that he got safe home at about four o'clock, and that the horse, "a sedate and obsequious" beast, had behaved himself with "singular gravity and discretion." Some of his letters to this lady on serious subjects are deeply interesting, and all are in a style that implies confidential friendship.

The house of his old tutor was also at all times like home to him. Mrs. Jennings was grandchild of the Earl of Anglesea, Lord Privy Seal under Charles the Second. Her father was Sir Francis Wingate, of Harlington Grange, near Bedford. He was the magistrate who committed John Bunyan to Bedford jail—the only remarkable thing he ever did in his life. After his death it mysteriously came to pass that two of his three portionless daughters (served him right) married Independent ministers—one being this Mr. Jennings, the other Mr. Norris, of Welford—and Mistress Rachel, who died unmarried, became a member of the Independent Church at Northampton. There was, as there ought to have been in this home, an atmosphere of education and refinement. Of Mrs. Jennings he said, "I think myself exceedingly happy in such a friend. Her daily conversation is one of the most

delightful entertainments of my life. In her I see a most amiable and instructive example of all the branches of the Christian temper which can be visible to the eyes of our fellow creatures, and combined with these are uncommon sprightliness of wit, solidity of judgment, and delicacy of taste." [1]

Some of the old county families, who, in 1662, had cast in their lot with the ejected ministers, still had representatives keeping to the conventicle. Several of these were within his radius. Of course, the young people would meet occasionally and he with them, for social recreation, when there would be talk about new books and live questions. At certain dates, there would be something to say about Mr. Thomson's "magnificent piece called 'Winter,'" just out ; or about Mr. Young's "Paraphrase on the Book of Job," not much liked; or about a new poem by "the ingenious Mr. Dyer." There would be a cheerful remark made about "an answer by one John Giles or Gill," [2] to some incautious statements published on the baptismal controversy by their good neighbour, Mr. Morris, of Rothwell; not from any great interest in the polemics, but from the pleasure of seeing "an Antinomian" in difficulties. "Antinomian" and "High Calvinist" were names they were apt to apply vaguely to any earnest Evangelical Christian, and there was too great a readiness to say smart things or to believe droll stories at the expense of "the Orthodox." The phrases just quoted and the inferences expressed are drawn from printed and unprinted letters. The present writer has also formed from other materials some idea of what the spirit of these "evenings at home" used to be. In early life, he has seen taken out now and then from broken old lavender and rose-leaves, papers and note-books, certain of which were written by Doddridge's young friends belonging to this circle, though some were of a little later date. Some

[1] "Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 190.

[2] This was the first work written by Dr. John Gill.

were in Rich's shorthand ;[1] some were receipts, medical or culinary, but most of them were large extracts, in different hands, and not in faultless spelling, from Mr. Hughes' "Siege of Damascus," Mr. Pomfret's "Choice," "Mr. Green on the Spleen," and the like. Some were original compositions, clean gone from memory now, except in fragments. There was "a song" attempted by a muse, "the meanest of the tuneful throng," about "the sequestered bower, where fair Melodia spends the thoughtful hour." Young Englishmen were called "British Swains," and the Midland counties were "Tripontian plains." All was in the style of the day when poets would call "a shoe" "the shining leather that encased the limb ;" when for "coffee" they would say, "the fragrant juice of Mocha's berry brown ;" and when "saponaceous" was poetical for "soapy." Such poetry was in keeping with the curious formality then ruling all social intercourse. To behave with good manners seemed to be looked upon as a kind of performance. With step graceful as a wave, the young women rose, sank, and pointed their satin toes most formally ; the young men advanced and retreated, swaying to the ground ; and even their letters seem to have been written in the spirit of the same fashion. As part of the same fashion, they used to drop their proper names and assume classical ones : Doddridge was "Hortensius ;" Mr. Hughes, "Atticus ;" Mr. Joseph Nutt, the Hinckley doctor, was "Nuceus ;" and there are other samples. Among the ladies we find such names as Clio, Camilla, Theodosia (Jenny Jennings), and Philomela (Betty Clark), "a lady of incomparable sagacity."

John Bunyan, whose name some in those meetings had such good reason to remember with reverence, "admired the wisdom of God in making him shy of the sisterhood," boasting that "it was a rare thing for him to carry it pleasant towards a woman." "The common

[1] "Pen's Dexterity ; or, the Readiest Way to the Art of Short Writing." By Jeremiah Rich. Price 6d. Sold by John Marshall at the Bible, in Gracechurch-street, 1699.

salutation of women," saith he, "I abhor, their company alone I cannot away with." Philip Doddridge never could say the same. He was too much in the society of these mischievous creatures with the romantic names. Although the young objects of affection sometimes took too much snuff, and everything that wire and whalebone, starch and powder, could do was done to lessen the danger of their spells, they seem somehow to have had a mysterious power of captivation over him. He wrote to some of them words of very glowing sentiment, but perhaps he did not mean anything. No doubt his open and lively nature betrayed him into imprudencies. There was one Clarinda, whose earthly name was Kitty Freeman, said by him to have been "a notorious man slayer," for whom he got to feel a foolish worship. It was of no use giving advice. When his sister wrote to caution him, he said, "Did you ever know me to marry foolishly in all your life?" However, after playing with it off and on, Clarinda tossed the poor mouse away.

We would not take for our model "Sombrius, who looks upon a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow."[1] We know that a man may be devout without always speaking in a certain conventional dialect supposed to be devotional; and, with Dr. John Brown, we nauseate "the religiosity which is at once as like and unlike the real thing, as hemlock is to parsley;" but for all that, we are forced to the conclusion that Doddridge was not yet a spiritual hero. His mind was getting frivolized by the air in which it lived, and the salt of grace seemed to be losing its savour. When we look first at him with his merry nonsense, yet with his unhappy captivations; then read a page of his journal, with its stern rules and its histories of sharp, agonizing introspection, we may be reminded of what was said about a great Italian, "that whoever considered his levity and his gravity might think that there were two distinct persons in him." But though as yet he had no apostolic passion,

[1] "Spectator."

and no "noble rage" for winning souls, there was always earnest purity of motive, and "a strong desire to" make full proof of his ministry. Let us read the evidence of the high estimate in which he was held by the church, as shown in the invitations to various important stations of service, received by him while in his little village pastorate.

In April, 1723, just when his mind was balancing as to the question of settlement at Kibworth, he was urgently requested to become assistant minister to Mr. Warren, the Presbyterian minister at Coventry, where he would have had a congregation of twelve hundred persons.

In August the same year, he was invited by about a thousand Independents and Baptists to settle at Pershore in Worcestershire. Preserved in the Doddridge MSS. is a charming letter supporting this request by one who writes: "The love I bear to the good people here, with whom I have walked in the fellowship of the gospel twenty-six years, constrains me earnestly to desire their comfortable settlement; and being the widow of their honoured pastor, perhaps my testimony on their behalf may be a little regarded. I can assure you that dear Mr. Thomas had as comfortable a life amongst them for near twenty years while he was, for the sake of Christ, their servant, I believe, as ever minister had amongst a people; and when he was on his death-bed, speaking of his ministry, he called it his pleasant work amongst his pleasant people. . . . Blessed be God, the peace of this church is still continued, notwithstanding their being so long unsettled; and though there is some difference in the judgment of some as to baptism, yet it causes none in their affection. . . . The Lord grant that you may be an instrument in His hand to revive His work here, and to be a gatherer of many souls to Christ!"

In November of the same year, he was urgently intreated to succeed Mr. Foxon in presiding over the Independent Church at Haberdashers' Hall, where since 1650 the ministers had nearly all been remarkable for their sanctified power and scholarship.

In February, 1724, he had a requisition from Coventry, signed by many leading men of the town, including "the mayor and several of the aldermen," inviting him to become the minister of a new congregation in a new building. Here his stipend would have been nearly six times larger than the subscription at Kibworth.

In November, 1728, he was invited to become assistant to the Reverend Mr. Bateson, of the Castle Gate Independent Church, Nottingham. The minute book of this church, a rare and precious relic, is a noble folio, in massive morocco binding, dating from the time of Charles the Second, and on its pages are entered in clear order all the particulars of the church history from its formation in about 1655, until 1875. The following entry in relation to our present subject occurs in its right place :—

"Mr. Bateson being often under disorder and indisposition as to his state of health, it was judged needful for to provide him an assistant. In order thereunto a day of prayer was kept, Nov. 20, 1728, to ask counsel and direction of God about giving Mr. Phil. Doderidge (a call to assist Mr. Bateson), on whom the eyes and hearts of the whole congregation seemed to be fixed.

"At the call and desire of the congregation, he, the said Mr. Doderidge, did come and preach amongst us with general approbation, and gave encouragement that he would come to us."

After this there is the record of a report, which of course proved to be quite unfounded, that he had at the same time been endeavouring to get a settlement at the other dissenting church at Nottingham. Then we have this further entry: "January, 1729. The beginning of January following, another day of prayer was kept to seek to God for direction. Mr. Doderidge being disappointed of his expectation of getting in at the High Pavement Meeting, and we having had some encouragement to think that upon further application to him we might obtain him; in February, 1729, the congregation was called together on this affaire and unanimously voted to

give him a second call, and messengers were sent forthwith with a letter of invitation from the church, which was by him received very kindly; in answer to which he told us he would go to London to consult his friends there, and upon his return would come to a determination. At his returne he came again over to Nottingham, and preached with us, and gave us all the encouragement we could expect, . . . but declined to give a final answer till he had been again to his friends at Harbrow, and Kibboth; and then would send it . . . in a post or two, which accordingly he did, and therein was contained a positive Denyall to our Repeated Invitations, and his full determination NOT to come to us, which was indeed very surprising."

The good scribe wrote this with much hot thought and sore feeling. About a hundred years after, the explanation came out in the published correspondence of Doddridge. Letters to his friend Dr. Clark about the matter—showing what a maze of delicate perplexities he had been in with reference to these two churches, and how he had tried to thread his way out of them honourably and kindly—have been copied out, and inserted over against this ancient minute. While he was on a visit to the one place there had been an offer secretly made to him from the other, in which he had many warm friends; but he writes, "It is now strongly suspected by some who are my very good friends, that the overture from the other congregation was made with a politic design of preventing my fixing with Mr. Bateson, which would probably have drawn off some considerable persons from them." Besides these, he declined calls from Lincoln's Inn Fields, from Bradfield, from Brockfield, and other places.

The late Mr. Jennings had hoped that Doddridge would succeed him as the head of the academy. Mr. Some, his fatherly colleague in the pastorate, knew this, and set his heart on trying to bring together again this scattered "school of the prophets," and then to get him placed over it. He borrowed from Mr. Saunders of Kettering, a long and elaborate paper sent to him by Doddridge, giving an account of Mr. Jennings' scheme

of academic education. This paper he took up to town for Dr. Watts to examine, at the same time asking his opinion as to the most suitable tutor. When the Doctor returned it with annotations, his judgment as to the tutorship was thus expressed :—

"The diversity of genius, the variety of studies, the several intellectual, moral, and pious accomplishments, the constant daily and hourly labours necessary to fill such a post can hardly be expected from any one person living!

"Yet if there be one person capable of such a post, perhaps it is the man who has so admirably described this scheme of education; and as he seems to have surveyed and engrossed the whole comprehensive view and design, together with its constant difficulties and accidental embarrassments, and yet supposed it to be practicable, I am sure I can never think of any person more likely to execute it than himself, although, if an elder person joined with him, for the reputation of the matter at least, it would be well."

On the 10th of April, 1729, the dissenting ministers of the neighbourhood met at Lutterworth to spend a day in humiliation and prayer for the revival of religion. On that occasion Mr. Some preached an admirable sermon on the words, "Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God" (Rev. iii. 2). In connection with this appeal, he advised the representatives of the churches to attempt the revival of the lapsed academy, and to place it under the care of Mr. Doddridge. Those who, thanks to our friend Mr. Humphreys, only know what he was at this time from his youthful letters, may be surprised to find that he, above all others, should have been thought of as such a *rex atque sacerdos*, still more surprised that this appointment was sanctioned with earnest unanimity by his brother ministers; but such was undoubtedly the case, and the fact must be regarded as a high testimony to his worth.

At Midsummer, in obedience to the wish thus recorded, he set up his academy at Harborough. Mrs. Jennings, with her kind motherliness, her notable faculty of management, and her remarkable gift of utterance, came to take charge of the key-basket. The waggon brought her furniture and her family. Students arrived, more were coming, and everything seemed full of promise, when in a few months, to the surprise of everybody, he had to leave Harborough for Northampton.

IV.

SETTLEMENT AT NORTHAMPTON.

"Oh the wonderfull goodnesse of the Lord to a poor unworthy People; though he cast them down, yet he hath not cast them away; Though he hath sorely Rebuk'd them, yet he hath not Destroy'd them; Though he hath written Bitter things against them, yet he hath not written a Lo-ammi vpon them; Though he hath put out a Burning, shining Light, yet he hath not Remov'd the Candlestick. . . . He hath return'd again to a poor Desolate Congregation, & after some time provided another shining Light to be set vp in this Candlestick. As may further be recorded in its place. Admired be free grace."—THE AXMINSTER ECCLESIASTICA.

THE Independent Church at Northampton had quietly grown into existence out of peculiar circumstances. It has been said that it was founded by Mr. Jeremiah Lewis, the ejected vicar of St. Giles, in the same town,[1] a clergyman "greatly followed and universally respected, except by some Quakers."[2] But he never preached after his ejection, and died at the end of the same year. Probably the truth amounts to no more than this: that when he was deprived of his benefice, some of his old parishioners used to meet him after the pattern of the conventicle spoken of in Holy Writ: "Then

[1] There was a Mr. Jeremiah Lewis, vicar of All Saints, Northampton, in 1618. A sermon of his, preached in that year, is to be found in the British Museum Library, press mark, $\frac{3187.\ bb.}{4}$ The title is "The Doctrine of Thankfulnesse." The language in the Preface shows that he had not been recently settled. Was this the father of the vicar mentioned above?

[2] Old quotation made in a pamphlet on "The Parish Registers of Northampton," by the Rev. H. C. Elliot, curate of St. Giles, 1862.

they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." After his death this informal meeting of friends increased into a congregation, and, without much thought about church order, this became practically an Independent church. The first recognised minister was Mr. Samuel Blower, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, who had been ejected from the living of Woodstock. After his departure in 1694, Mr. Thomas Shepherd, M.A., formerly a clergyman in Buckinghamshire, was elected to succeed him. He remained but a short time, and was succeeded by Mr. Hunt, son of the ejected rector of Sutton, in Cambridgeshire. In 1709, on his removal to Newport Pagnell, Mr. Tingey became the minister. Each of these ministers was a man of great grace and educated power, but the most remarkable man in the succession was Thomas Shepherd, who was the writer of several works worthy of remembrance, in one of which, entitled "Penitential Cries," is a hymn so exquisite in its beautiful spirituality, and which so fitly introduces a new era in the life of Doddridge, that it shall here be given. The subject is "Communion with God."

"Alas, my God, that we should be
Such strangers to each other!
Oh that as friends we might agree,
And walk and talk together!

Thou knowest my soul does dearly love
The place of Thine abode:
No music drops so sweet a sound,
As these two words—'My God.'

May I taste that communion, Lord,
Thy people have with Thee!
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
Oh let it talk with me!

When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord?
Oh come, my Lord, most dear!
Come near, come nearer, nearer still,
I'm well when Thou art near.

When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord?
For till Thou dost appear,
I count each moment for a day,
Each minute for a year.

There's no such thing as pleasure here,
For Jesus is my all:
As Thou dost shine or disappear,
My pleasures rise or fall.

Come, spread Thy savour through my frame,
No sweetness is so sweet;
Till I get up to sing Thy name
Where all Thy singers meet."

Though the singer had been gone for twenty years, the influence of the life that sang to the Lord this noble song seemed still to linger and breathe like an atmosphere in the church at Northampton.

Mr. Doddridge appears to have taken turn with the neighbouring ministers in preaching to supply the vacancy caused by the removal of Mr. Tingey to London. The consequence was a letter, dated September 28, 1729, conveying an application from the church for a month's visit. This appears to have been declined. Then there were repeated appeals to him, in which all joined, asking him to become their minister. They would do anything to win him; would secure a house fit for his academy, would largely furnish it, would handsomely reimburse Mrs. Jennings for any consequent loss; and visits were paid to ministers "far and near" to secure their sanction. Mr. Some, however, was so set against the movement that he first got from Doddridge a promise to spend four years more at Harborough, if required; and next rode to Northampton for a conference with the people, in the hope of getting them to waive their application. But the good old man, when he knew the whole case, took their side, and wrote to Doddridge: "The hearts of the people are moved altogether as the trees of a wood when bent by the wind. . . . The mention of your name diffuseth life and spirit through the whole body. . . . I find myself in the utmost perplexity, and know not what to say or do. . . . I apprehend that you

will wonder at what I write, and think I am *like Saul amongst the prophets*, and that the same spirit which is in the people begins to seize me also." His mind was in a balancing state. Yet, upon the whole, it seemed right to stay at Harborough, and right to visit his friends at Northampton just once more to say so in the gentlest way possible. With this view he went to them on the first Sunday in November, and preached from the words, "And when he would not be persuaded, they ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done." After the service, when he had reached his lodging,[1] and was on the way to his room, his thoughts were still "tumbled up and down." He was sorry to say "No," yet felt convinced that he had not strength for such a great charge, and therefore was afraid to say "Yes." Just then the words fell upon his ear, "As thy days, so thy strength shall be." They sounded through an open door by which he was passing, and were the words of a child just then reading to his mother. Yet he felt inclined to think they were meant by God especially for him. When, after that, unexpected events seemed to clear his way to accepting the call to Northampton, he did accept it, and notified his decision in a letter to the church, dated December 6, 1729. Mrs. Jennings was to have handsome compensation, was invited to keep on in the new establishment the post she had held in the old; it was proposed that the academy-house should still be the home of her family, and in all things, as far as she was concerned, Mr. Doddridge acted with delicate honour and kindness. However, for reasons which we are not able clearly to make out, she refused the proposal with fearful eloquence. At first, all his old friends spoke about the step he had taken in terms of bitter blame. In a few weeks the ministers, disappointed as they had been by this change of charge so soon after his academic settlement at Harborough, all came round and joined in approval of it, and their leaders took part in the solemnities of a recognition service held March 19, 1729-30.

[1] At Mr. Shepherd's, Gold Street.

Two months after this he, for a wise man, did a foolish thing. That is, on the 31st day of May, he made an offer of marriage to Theodosia, this being the poetic name for Jenny Jennings. "He was not so very old—hardly thirty—would she have him?" The merry little gentlewoman, then hardly sixteen, rather thought she would not. He did not know, as we do, that she was destined to be the mother of good old Dr. Aiken and the venerable Mrs. Barbauld. The thought that he had grieved the family, the wish to make up for this, the old fond friendship for them all, mistaken for the moment, in this instance, for the exquisite sentiment that first flowered in Paradise—all these things together led to the crisis; but no heart was broken and no harm was done.

There is nothing more of this kind to tell. His settlement at Northampton marked a new era in the life of Doddridge. About this time his soul came of age. All that was especially exalted or memorable in his ministry now began. He devoted himself to the service of the Saviour with such startled energy and intense concentration, was such a wonderful and manifold worker, and seemed to live so many lives at a time, that from this point, instead of telling one consecutive story, we can only try to show what he was and what he did at the same periods in different departments.[1]

[1] The accounts of the settlement at Northampton, given in long passages from diaries and letters in Orton's "Life," have been so often quoted and are of such easy reference, that it would be mere book-making to repeat them here.

V.

HIS ANSWER TO THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

" Stones towards the earth descend ;
Rivers to the ocean roll ;
Every motion has some end—
What is thine, beloved soul ?

' Mine is, where my Saviour is ;
There with Him I hope to dwell ;
Jesu is the central bliss ;
Love the force that doth impel.'

Truly thou hast answer'd right :
Now may heaven's attractive grace
Towards the source of thy delight
Speed along thy quickening pace."

JOHN BYRON, F.R.S., 1723.

THE question of the day, considered as a question of theological science, was this : "What think ye of Christ—whose son is He ?" It was not only whispered with reverence or thought of with prayer in the hush of the holiest place ; but, carried out of the proper courts, was wrangled over in coffee-houses and other places of popular resort. Waterland, writing on it in 1723, says, "It was spread abroad among all ranks and degrees of men, and the Athanasian Creed became the subject of common and ordinary conversation." The answers to it had endless subtleties of difference, but all ranged under three heads. The first was that of the Trinitarian, who understood Christ's famous title, "the Son of God," to mean, in the fullest sense of the word, "God the Son." The second was that of the Arian,

whose distinctive tenet is sufficiently explained in Dr. J. H. Newman's description of the doctrine held by the ancient Arians—"the doctrine that our Lord, although rightly called God, as *being* the God of the mediatorial system and of the New Testament, is not the God of the universe—that He is a Being separate from God, and, although the sublimest of creatures, is a creature only." The third answer was that of the Socinian, who declared Christ to be only a man. As the century went on there was a growing tendency to adopt this last, or the Socinian hypothesis; and this, not in the body of Dissenters mainly, but equally in the Church of England, manifold evidence of which may be seen in the controversies occasioned by the Athanasian Creed, and in such letters as those in Archdeacon Blackburne's papers preserved in the Williams Library. Doddridge was such a representative man that if we would fairly estimate his life we must take this fact into account, and in some degree trace out the history of the thought which led to it. What, then, was the outline of this history?

One of the first causes of the power gained by Socinianism was the habit, on the part of the later Puritan divines, of over-definition when speaking about the unrevealed connections of gospel truth. Archbishop Usher said as to the creation of the world, "The world was finished on the third of September, on a Wednesday." With similar precise explanation and unhesitating confidence would some leaders pronounce upon "the deep things of God," lay down the law about the Trinity, and go on arguing until, if they proved anything, they proved the existence of three Gods. By a natural reaction this tempted many of the rising generation to slight the importance of a definite Christian faith.

Another thing, occasioning the growth of that which for the sake of convenience we will now call Unitarianism, was the denunciatory spirit of its opponents. The extreme of this was seen in 1698, when, principally through the zeal of the dissenting ministers and congregations, an Act was passed prohibiting all books containing

assaults on the doctrine of the Trinity, or any other fundamental article of faith. "Any person found guilty of writing, printing, publishing, or circulating such books, or of preaching such sentiments, was condemned to lose nearly all the privileges of citizenship : he could neither sue nor be sued, and neither bequeath nor receive property." It is no wonder that those who are the successors of these ministers and congregations lineally, should have ceased to be so doctrinally. The like temper of intolerance, though without the arm of civil force to help it, was also shown in certain memorable conferences held within the Nonconformist body. The churches at Exeter, alarmed by the spread of false doctrine, sent to their brethren in London for advice as to the best way to check it. There was a meeting of about a hundred and fifty ministers at Salters' Hall, on February 19, 1718–19, to consider this message, when it was ruled by a majority of four that each minister should then and there subscribe to a statement of belief in the doctrine of the Trinity. Those who dissented did so strongly ; some of them being persons whose loyalty to Christ was unquestionable, but who, out of that very loyalty, as they thought, refused to take orders respecting Divine things from any human throne, or to submit to any terms of subscription as to their faith in Christ which were not prescribed by Christ Himself. Two assemblies now met. There was a long storm of anger. A controversy began, which was so conducted that zeal for truth was made to look like tyranny over opinion, and faith seemed to be at war with love. Non-subscribers were bitterly denounced, and placed in outlawry. Looking at surfaces, not knowing much about the question beneath, many of the truest Nonconformist ladies and gentlemen took their side, only meaning by this to take the side of liberty and charity ; when these things were talked over in the family circle it is easy to see what side the younger people would be likely to take, and how, through all these graceless violences, what is called Unitarianism became a more pronounced and influential theory.

Another cause of this ascendency was the rise of a principle, the prevalence of which, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, got for it the title of "Sæculum Rationalisticum"—the age of reasonableness. Very much from the influence of writings like those of Locke and Clarke, it gradually became the fashion to think that no doctrine should be accepted as true unless its reasonableness could be made clear by our own independent research, or by the exercise of a verifying faculty within us; and that, however apparently supported by historical proof, no writings should be held as divine without such internal credibility. Let this principle rule: insist that internal evidence, consisting in what appears to us to be the internal reasonableness of that which claims credence, should be looked at first, and that this should determine the value of external evidence; then in this world of souls disordered by the fall, the result will probably be the rejection, one by one, of all the doctrines of revelation, beginning with the doctrine of the Trinity.

It is likely that Unitarianism made all the more way with those who were just forming their opinions through fixing the stigma of irrationality upon the orthodox. This was a little unfair. For unbelievers in the Bible to brand believers in it as irrational would not have been so very strange; but in the days we speak of, both parties in the controversy agreed to make the Bible their common standard of appeal. Indeed, there could be no argument about this question with persons who rejected the Bible, any more than there could be an argument about a question of arithmetic with a person who rejected the multiplication table. The strange thing was that heterodox biblicists called the orthodox biblicists irrational. My friend there, who owns a Creator, yet believes in the development theory of creation, and who thinks that the Book of Genesis gives a poetical account of it, should be the last person in the world to call me a lunatic because I think that the oneness of life at its highest is not modally the same as the oneness of life at its lowest, and because I go on to accept without surprise, as a doctrine of

pure revelation, the doctrine that what is called the Trinity is but the highest mode of that oneness. Beginning at a point of life so small that no magnifying glass can show it, as I go up the scale of being, I find that the individual, though still one, is more and more complex in the mode of its oneness, until I reach as far as man; then, in the one man, there is a certain threeness, called body, soul, and spirit. Beyond this I know nothing but what is told me. There is an infinity upwards; and when from the One who dwells "in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man can see," a well-authenticated message comes telling me of the "Three that bear record in heaven,"—in this I rest and make no further inquiry. What can there be irrational in this? It seems to me that, although I could not have found out this doctrine by myself, it is in perfect keeping with all I knew before. True, it is mysterious, but it would be irrational to expect the nature of God to be otherwise. If, as Professor Tyndall tells me, there are things even in my own nature that are absolutely unthinkable—"the passage from mind to matter," for instance—surely it would be foolish to reject a thing told me by God about God because it is unthinkable! A person who lived in the age of Doddridge, at any rate a Dissenter, who thought in this way, found that his brethren who thought otherwise called themselves in distinction from him, "rational Dissenters;" and that, whether directly expressed or not, this was the distinction always made. With whatever air of candour, or grace of courtesy, any indefinite young man is assured that contempt is felt for his understanding because he still holds certain tenets held by the old-fashioned folks with whom he has been brought up, he will try not to hold them any longer, and will think it not worth while to be a martyr without absolute necessity. In the midst of all these coincident influences working towards Unitarian conclusions, and with a nature peculiarly sensible to them all, what was the answer of Doddridge to the question of the day? Mr. Humphreys assures us that of the three answers his would probably have been the intermediate

one. From his letters, selected and annotated by that worthy gentleman, many persons have been disposed to accept that assurance.[1] What does Doddridge himself say? To know this, of course the first thing is to ascertain what he says in his two declarations of faith given—one when he settled at Kibworth, the other when he settled at Northampton—and given for the very purpose of furnishing information on this and kindred particulars. It is remarkable that both Mr. Orton and Mr. Humphreys are absolutely silent about these, and our knowledge of them is from other sources.

The Kibworth declaration, made in 1722, was found and transcribed from Doddridge's shorthand in 1874 by the Rev. Josiah Bull, M.A. Although it bears no indication of date or place of use, there can be no doubt that it was used on the occasion stated. His only other pastoral charge was the one he afterwards accepted at Northampton, and the corresponding statement then made was altogether different in plan and style. From the earlier one we extract and publish, for the first time, the following outline of his faith in the Trinity :

"Though the light of nature and the express declarations of Scripture join in assuring me that there is but one God, I read in the Sacred Oracles that there are Three that bear record in heaven—the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit. The Father is universally described as the object of our worship. Of the Son it is said, 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever,' 'Let all the angels of God worship him ;' and it is appointed, 'that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father.' Those who attempt to impose upon the Spirit are said 'to lie unto God ;' and yet our Lord has taught us to conceive of Him as distinguished from the Father and Himself, when He teaches the disciples to baptize in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I cannot, therefore, but conceive of them as in some respects distinct from each other ; and yet, though there

[1] "Correspondence," vol. v. p. 14.

are Three that bear record in heaven, I am constrained to believe that they are but one God. I must own that this appears to me a great mystery, but thus the Word of God seems to me to teach us of Himself; and in all my conceptions and converse about it I would keep as close as possible to the words of Scripture, being very suspicious of any others man can invent, lest they should convey some other idea than they ought, and than the words of Scripture support. God best knows His own nature, and I would be thankful for what He has told me of it, contenting myself with it, nor going with a further curiosity into what He sees proper to conceal, or than He hints in general, without a particular explanation." [1]

The Northampton confession, made in 1730, records his return to the same standard after a certain wavering, which he says was sometimes felt in the course of his life in Leicestershire. In this, just after he had been speaking of Christ's human nature, he says:

"I believe that He is possessed, not only of this human and created nature in which He conversed amongst the children of men, but that He is also, in a sense common to no other, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His Person; and so partakes of all Divine attributes and perfections as to be really one with the Father, and, Himself, God over all, blessed for evermore.

"I believe that the sacred SPIRIT, who is the grand agent in the Redeemer's kingdom, is a Divine Person, united with the Father and the Son in adorable and incomprehensible manner; and thus I learn and firmly believe the great doctrine of a TRINITY of Persons in the unity of the Godhead: an awful mystery, which, being matter of pure revelation, I apprehend I should only obscure by attempting to explain it." [2]

[1] MS. in possession of the Rev. Dr. Newth.

[2] Confession in Doddridge's handwriting, transcribed by Mr. Taylor from the original copy in possession of Mr. Wilkins, Hampstead. It is given *in extenso* by Dr. Waddington in "History, 1700–1800," p. 294.

Turn to the "Expositor," which is specially the printed manifesto of his faith. We find that in his remarks on the opening paragraph of St. John's Gospel, after having elaborately refuted the Arian interpretation of it, he adds, "I am deeply sensible of the sublime and mysterious nature of the doctrine of Christ's deity as here declared, but it would be quite foreign to my purpose to enter into a large discussion of that great foundation of our faith. . . . It was, however, matter of conscience with me, on the one hand, thus strongly to declare my belief of it; and on the other, to leave it as far as I could in the simplicity of scriptural expressions." After a critical examination of the Greek words in Rom. ix. 5, "Of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever," he says, "I must paraphrase and improve this memorable text as a proof of Christ's proper deity, which I think the opposers of that doctrine have never been able, nor will ever be able, to answer." On the words in Col. ii. 9, "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," he says, "It is plain that 'the Godhead' is an anglicism equivalent to Deity. I cannot think that these wonderful words are intended merely to signify that God hath lodged in the hands of Christ a fulness of gifts to be conferred upon men, as if the passage were merely parallel to Ephes. iii. 19, and John i. 16, 17, as Mr. Pierce explains it; while Socinus sinks it yet lower, as if it only referred to His complete knowledge of the Divine will. I assuredly believe that, as it contains an evident allusion to the Shekinah in which God dwelt, so it ultimately refers to the adorable mystery of the union of the Divine and human natures in the Person of the glorious Emmanuel, which makes Him such an object of our love and confidence, as the most exalted creature with the most glorious endowments could never be." On 1 John v. 20, "This is the true God, and eternal life," he says, "It is an argument for the Deity of Christ, which almost all those who have wrote in its defence have urged; and which, I think, none who have opposed it have so much as appeared to answer."

Unless language is to be regarded as an instrument for the concealment of thought, the language of Doddridge now quoted expresses his entire acceptance of all we mean by the doctrine of the Trinity; but unhappily, when he came to discuss the subject in his lectures, he considered himself bound to put his thoughts upon it in the scholastic and technical form into which he had cast his thoughts on other Christian doctrines. He therefore suggested a definition which we must regard as utterly unsatisfactory. While a man may trust his very life to a certain fact, he may break down in attempting to give the philosophy of it. He may live and thrive on food, yet not be able to define its chemical constituents. So Doddridge, as we have seen, held the doctrine that is now in our thoughts; but contrary to his own wise dictum just read, he tried to explain it, and in Lecture clxi., definition 79, he says: "The word 'person' commonly signifies one intelligent, voluntary agent, or conscious being, and this we choose to call the philosophical sense of the word; but, in a political sense, it may express the different relations supported by the same philosophical person—*i.e.*, the same man may be father, husband, son, etc., or the same prince, King of Great Britain, Duke of Brunswick, and Treasurer of the Empire." "Corollary: one philosophical person may sustain a great number of persons in the political, or, as some call it, the modal sense of the word." Proposition 128: "God is so united to the derived nature of Christ, and does so dwell in it, that, by virtue of that union, Christ may properly be called God; and such regards may become due to Him as are not due to any created nature, be it in itself ever so excellent." [1]

Let the wisest man try to draw a circle round infinite space—try to define the indefinable, and to make the Infinite definite; let him try to put "the unthinkable" into words; let him try to explain the cause of the eternal Cause; let him take pen and ink, and try to cypher out

[1] "Miscellaneous Works," p. 427.

the great problem of the universe, treating the mystery of the Godhead as a question of mathematics—and he is sure to fail. All definitions come short of the glory of God. One is as good as another, and, we are almost ready to say, one is as bad as another. We have no biblical sanction for that offered by Doddridge, nor for any other; but we know that, practically, all that he meant by it amounts to this, that while he accepted in good faith all that the Bible has said—worshipping the Father as God, also the Son, also the Holy Ghost—he, like the rest of us, held that what are called the Three Persons of the Godhead are not Three Individuals, and that the thought of the Three should never confuse the steady presence of the recollection that "the Lord our God is one Lord."

Readers of his earlier letters who wish to know his true sentiments on the present question must not be misled by his many playful flings at a party called "the Orthodox." There has been a change in the conventional meaning of this word in the course of its history. At that period it had no exclusive reference to any particular creed as to the Person of our Lord, but was the name commonly given to the good people who thought they had adopted such views as Dr. Crisp advocated, the recent re-publication of which had made a great stir in their little world. They held a certain fatalism, meaning it for Calvinism, took alarm at the very whisper of the phrase "good works," and insisted that the gospel should be preached in such a cautious and guarded way that no improper persons would be likely to be admitted into heaven by mistake. These doctrinists were such "troublers of Israel," were so condemnatory of all other Christians, and were so hard and dogmatic, that no one can wonder at the resentment they provoked. Mr. Hunt, already mentioned, in his tractate called "Infant's Faith," said: "Since the providence of God hath cast my lot at Northampton, it hath no little concerned me to see how generally the country is infected, not only with Anabaptism, but also with those many and gross errors which

commonly that doctrine is an inlet into ; and especially with that soul-damning doctrine of Free-will." This was what would be considered an orthodox speech. A few members of the church would still speak in the same style. Writing before he accepted the pastorate, he said, "I have lately preached twice at Northampton, and have the character of a very orthodox divine ; but to my great mortification I hear from another quarter that my sermons are all—Do, do, do." Some years later, writing from Northampton to his wife, then from home, he said, "I had several *orthodox* spies to hear me this morning, and they observed with great amazement that I urged my hearers to get an interest in Christ. This, it seems, is Arminianism." These, out of many similar passages that might be cited, will help to show that he by the term *orthodox* did not mean Trinitarian.

If we would be fair to him, we must also reject the old slander that many of his students became Arian or Unitarian owing to his influence. They were only carried away by a mighty tidal wave of opinion, and he was grieved as he saw them go. "I was last night," said he on one occasion, "expounding the First of John in the family, and insisting on the importance of remembering and maintaining the Deity and satisfaction of Christ, when some of our good preaching seniors were pleased to express their contempt of what they heard by laughing and almost making mouths. You will probably guess at the persons, yet they are those whom some of our wise people would contrive to fix where Mr. Some and Mr. Norris were." [1]

No doubt there was an impression on some of his contemporaries who belonged to the new school of theology, that he was more in sympathy with them than he cared to avow. This impression was partly caused by the dark sayings just now quoted from his Divinity Lectures, and which were supposed to hold certain esoteric thoughts at variance with the common creed.

[1] Unpublished letter quoted by Dr. Stoughton.

It was partly caused by his well-known objection to the demand of subscription to human formularies of faith, like the demand made at the Salters' Hall conference; which objection some unbelievers in the Deity of Jesus supposed in some degree to spring, as their own did, from a doctrinal root. It was further deepened by the knowledge of his unquestionable candour, which, as all the Unitarian literature of the last century will show, was understood to be only another name for Unitarianism. Speaking of this fancy on the part of these friends, he says: "Perhaps three causes have concurred to lead them into that apprehension. A general conceit that their notions are so self-evident that none but an extremely weak or ignorant man (which they pay me the compliment of supposing that I am not, though they afterwards fully balance the account) can possibly be of a different opinion. Some hints which I may perhaps have dropped between the years 1723 and 1730, or thereabouts, when I was really more inclined to some of their sentiments than I am now; and—my since hearing them assert some of them in a mixed company, when I have not been in a humour to dispute." [1]

Doddridge, in his early days, was not always free from the chill that comes from the near presence of a spiritual iceberg. He was not naturally disposed to dwell on the mysteries of the Godhead. As a divine, he had not "completed his creed." He would always speak to controversial opponents what he deemed to be the truth, but he was disposed to speak the very pleasantest truth he could, and this made him sometimes seem politely indecisive. But when we have collected his many scattered sentences on the subject in dispute, we have no hesitation in saying that his own faith answered to that which has been thus summed up in the declaration of a modern writer:—

"My heart demands the Trinity as much as my reason. I want to be sure that God cares for us, that God is our

[1] "Life," by Orton, p. 155. Leeds edit.

Father, that God has interfered, stooped, sacrificed Himself for us. I do not want merely to love Christ—*a* Christ, some creation or emanation of God's, whose will and character, for aught I know, may be different from God's. I want to love and honour the abysmal God Himself, and none other will satisfy me. No puzzling texts shall rob me of this rest to my heart, that Christ is the exact counterpart of Him in whom we live and move and have our being. I say boldly, if the doctrine of the Trinity be not in the Bible it ought to be, for *the whole spiritual nature of man cries out for it.*" [1]

He was strong in the faith that cries at the feet of Jesus, "My Lord and my God"—not the less strong because he expressed his opinion with spiritual temperance and courtly gentleness; not the less so because he would take no part, on one side or the other, in the wrangle between flippant critics of the great "I Am;" not the less so because of his joyful readiness to think that some persons who ranked as humanitarians were so in theory only; that there was a misunderstanding ot terms; that they were trusting in the right Saviour, and that in His sight what they called admiration was adoration. It was stronger and bolder every year he lived; and when a deadly frost had fallen on the spirit of the ministers, old and young, his spirit was kept alive, and the fire within him made more glorious, by perpetual communion with God; and if no controversialist on the subject, as perhaps with such surroundings he ought to have been, his life was a practical protest against the Arianism of the day, and a constant prayer for the shedding down of a Divine unction on all churches.

[1] Charles Kingsley, "Letters, and Memories of his Life."

VI.

MARRIED LIFE.

"They are together in the church of God, and in the Supper of the Lord; they share with one another their grievances, their persecutions, and their joys; neither hides anything from the other; neither avoids the other; the sick are visited by them with pleasure, and the needy supported; psalms and hymns resound between them, and they mutually strive who shall best praise their God. Christ is delighted to see and hear things like these; He sends His peace on such as these; where two are, there is He, and where He is, evil comes not."—TERTULLIAN, "*Ad Uxorem*," lib. xi. 17.

AT last he really did meet with the lady of his dreams, and there was a marriage made in heaven. When visiting at Worcester in the summer of 1730, he was introduced to "Cordelia," that is, to Mistress Mercy Maris. The fancy name was soon dropped, for there was nothing so musical as Mercy. She was of gentle genealogy, an orphan, and twenty-two. In describing her, Mr. Humphreys puts on his spectacles, and writes out a careful inventory of properties, in which we find the following items:—stature, "rather tall;" outline, "free and flowing;" eyes, "black;" hair, the same; complexion, "with the ardent tint, which so often mantles in the cheeks of a brunette." As to education, she knew very little about the "ologies;" had read but very little "profane literature;" was not always quite certain of her English, and, as we can bear witness, often had to try such spellings as "pierce and peirce, believe and beleive," on the back of an old letter, to see which looked safest, before beginning her answers to Mr. Doddridge. We

have even yet more interesting information than this. "The Lord hath gifted and graced many women above men, especially in the holy affections."[1] It was so in this instance. The two persons became mutually devoted. They had "like precious faith;" were "heirs together of the grace of life;" between their spirits there was now a most happy coalescence, and one life was a blessing to the other until the stroke fell that dissolves all human ties. They were married on the 22nd of December, from the house of the lady's uncle and guardian, Ebenezer Hankin, Esq., Upton-on-Severn.

The wedding being over, we must be indulged in a few remarks, prosaic and prudential, which, perhaps, ought to have been thought of before. The husband only had £70 for his income; the wife brought only £400 for the capital of her dowry. It is true that he had certain perquisites in addition, but they made only a small and fluctuating annual amount. He was to inherit certain modest estates, but not yet. There were certain payments from each of the students, such as £16 per annum board, and £4 for teaching,[2] but there could have been only a dim prospect of wealth from that quarter. "Tatters for two," Douglas Jerrold informs us, may easily be found, but competency for a married lady and gentleman is quite another affair. The question arises, how did the young couple mean to live?

In studying the social history of England in the first half of the last century, we are struck with the smallness of most clerical stipends. It would be easy to multiply instances. When Goldsmith made the vicar of Wakefield tell us that the profits of his living in his golden days "amounted to about thirty-five pounds a year,"

[1] Mr. Timothy Rogers, author of a work on "Melancholy," 1706.

[2] "Rippon's Register," vol. iv. p. 904. "Letter from Dr. Doddridge on the terms of his Academy in 1739." He adds to the above, "they wash their linen abroad, and find candles." They also had to pay one guinea for a study, and another guinea for sheets, etc.; in the second year they began to pay an annual guinea to the Library, and another towards the apparatus, these two things being the property of the public.

and that he afterwards accepted "a small cure of fifteen pounds a year," he only held the mirror up to life, and no one thought it an unlikely story. Near Hinckley, and doubtless well known to Mr. Jennings, lived Mr. John Bold, curate of Stoney Stanton, in every respect a learned Christian gentleman, who had thirty pounds a year for his curacy, and ten for being master of a school, out of which pittance he always saved ten pounds for charity. Doddridge, writing to Lady Russell in 1727, said, "Mr. Hardy, the celebrated dissenting minister of Nottingham, has conformed! It is, indeed, the most considerable conquest the Establishment has made for several years." Mr. Hardy was presented to Amerley in Leicestershire, a living of about thirty pounds a year. Multitudes would have regarded a living of fifty pounds as valuable church preferment. Swift assures us that there were at that time ten Bishoprics in England whose incomes did not average six hundred a year.[1]

Most likely the ministers who were outside the Establishment were worse off than their brethren inside it. The yearly salary of even Dr. Watts never rose to more than one hundred pounds. Surely these good men had need of consolations like those suggested by Master Trapp. "Shall the great Housekeeper of the world water His flowers, prune His plants, fodder His cattle, and not feed His children? Never think it."[2] Straitened, however, as they sometimes were, when we understand the difference between their time and ours in the value of money and the cost of life, we find that they were not so poor as they seemed to be. They got much out of little. "Our subscriptions alone cannot amount to above twenty-six pounds a year, and though a single man may subsist tolerably well upon that, if he manage with prudence and frugality, yet you must be aware, sir, that he can afford to lay out but little in books or in the relief of the poor of

[1] See for an account of the incomes of the clergy, Dean Swift's "Considerations upon two Bills sent down from the House of Lords to the House of Commons of Ireland, 1732."

[2] Trapp on Matthew v. 26.

the congregation." So wrote Doddridge from Kibworth to a friend in London, in 1726. "It should be remembered," a right reverend essayist reminds us, "that luxury is a relative word; that, since the days of Berridge and Walker"—we might insert, still more so in the days of Doddridge—"the entire level of our English way of living has been very materially raised; and that with the increased wealth of the whole nation the incomes of the clergy, both from public and private sources, have increased in like ratio." [1]

By some strange chance, as it seems, the housekeeping books of Mr. and Mrs. Doddridge have been preserved, affording curious illustrations of what has now been said. In the first year of their married life, we find entries like these: "One quarter's rental, £2 10s.; for two bedsteads, 14s.; easy chair, 6s." From March, 1731, to December, 1732, they paid £16 for rent and taxes; for servants' wages, £6 10s. 6d.; and for furniture, £11 5s. 7d. Further on, Mrs. Doddridge spent in one year for "pin money," the sum of 6s. 1d.; for one quarter's schooling for her child, 3s. 6d. About the year 1740 they had to remove to a large house which has since been divided into four tenements, and for this they paid £40 rent. In 1742 they kept seven servants, whose wages separately set down amounted altogether to £20. The average price of mutton was 2½d. a pound; beef cost a fraction more. In these faithful pages we find, *inter alia*, mention made of "pipes and tobacco." If an angel had been found out in such indulgence, some good people would have hardly thought it more surprising; but without entering into controversy about things beyond us, we have only to say that the annual cost of this etherialism was not excessive. Altogether, life did not seem to be so very difficult. There were as yet no "seaside places" discovered, tempting to a costly visit every year. The furniture was not gorgeous. There were no

[1] "Contemporary," vol. ii. p. 569. Paper signed "Anthony Thorold," now Bishop of Rochester.

ornaments in the room save six or seven family portraits on the panelled wall, and the framed family arms with the motto, "Dum vivimus vivamus." There were no carpets, for even in the houses of the nobility, these were only laid down on state occasions. There was next to no knowledge of that which makes the primary embarrassment of modern times—the strain to keep up appearances. In the manse at Northampton there was all the happiness that comes of "plain living and high living; of many cheap and simple graces—means of much cheerful hospitality, and power to reserve a certain proportion of income, ultimately fixed at "one-tenth of what was ordinary" and "one-eighth of what was extra-ordinary," for the purpose of giving away.

One morning in October, 1733, Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton—the latter, it will be remembered, was Doddridge's sister—were startled by the receipt of a letter, which, unless forged, was written to them by an infant only six weeks old. The design of the writer was to notify the event of her arrival into this planet, and to tell her experience of life. This she illustrated by quotations from Plutarch "De Tranquillitate Animæ," and a fragment of Menander preserved by that writer, also by a reference to Juvenal, and a criticism on some of Tully's words in his "De Senectute." She boasted of "knowing Greek and Latin quite as well as English." This was "Tetsey Doddridge." It seems, that from the very first, she was not like any ordinary infant, without character or principles, and day by day the little one grew into a more beautiful wonder. How, when asked why everybody loved her, she would say "because she loved everybody;" how she tried to teach the little dog his catechism; how she failed; how he had not a word to say for himself in answer to her withering words, "*You*, Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know who made you!"—all these are nursery stories now, and unbelieving pilgrims, in confirmation of their faith, are still shown the brass collar once worn by Tetsey's dog. In the middle of June, 1736, the child so much beloved began to sicken,

and early in the following October, a little grave had to be dug out in the rain :

> "The tender nest for tiny head
> With every softness furnished"

had to be exchanged for the cold, hard coffin; and placing his paper on the coffin lid, the father wrote an incomparable discourse on the words, "Is it well with thee? is it well with thine husband? is it well with the child?" (2 Kings iv. 25, 26). It would be difficult to find in all the literature of sanctified sorrow, sentences more pathetic and inspiring than those called forth by this affliction, and written in his diary.

It has been well said that in some devotional writers we trace but little communion with the joy, sorrow, and beauty of this earth—"glad, sad, and sweet"—so that we sometimes wonder if they have known any enjoyments, pangs, or conflicts, but such as belong to the life that is in God. We long for a touch of nature making them our kin. "There is something deeply consoling in a betrayal of personal feeling, as when Doddridge laments for his little daughter. 'This day my heart hath been almost torn in pieces by sorrow, yet sorrow so softened and sweetened, that I number it among the best days of my life. Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? God knows I am not angry, *but sorrowful He surely allows me to be.* Lord give unto me a holy acquiescence of soul in Thee, and now my gourd is withered shelter me under the shadow of Thy wings.' Here we see the man (most a saint in being most a man) agonized like his Master, and like Him strengthened from on high, but by one greater than the angel."[1] His wife shared the same supports. "She bore the affliction," he said, "in the most glorious manner, and discovered more wisdom, piety, and strength of spirit than I had ever in six years had an opportunity of observing before."

Before his eldest born was taken two other daughters

[1] "The Patience of Hope," p. 116.

made their appearance, Polly and Mercy. "Mercy," wrote Lord Lyttleton to him, some years after, "Mercy, indeed! Mercy on us! It is a barbarous thing for you Dissenters to impose such names on your innocent babes! . . . Fie upon you! I am ashamed that a man of your classical taste should be such a Goth. If there were no other reasons for your quitting the Dissenters and coming over to our church, but to save any future child from the horrible danger of being so christened, I would have you to do it without delay." After Mercy came a son, and Anna Cecilia was born in the following July. As they got older, the diminutive damsels in mob-caps and tippets were the delight of his soul, and were the most remarkable children in the world, the only exception being his son Philly. The way that child repeated some of Dr. Watts's verses was wonderful. "He will be a fine scholar," said he, and even the great Dr. Warburton addressed him as "my learned friend." His letters to the children, and words about them in his diary, show how constantly and tenderly they were prayed *for*. He would also pray *with* them at certain set times, and at other times, when he could be caught, was ready for a frolic, and might even be coaxed into grinding a little poetry for their edification. Sometimes, and especially when the small-pox was raging in the town, they and their mother often found a happy retreat a mile away, at Delapre, a stately old mansion once an abbey. There King Edward the First passed a night when on his way to bury his dear queen, who had died through sucking out the poison that had been shot into him by an arrow. You could see through an opening in the trees, at the corner of the park, her Gothic monument, raised over the spot where her coffin had rested, and since called "Queen's Cross." The rooks made a cheerful caw in the air, groups and files of massive oaks made tents of shade on the sunny grass, fallow deer came up in twos and threes, peeped at them shyly, then scampered away lightly as live shadows; and they always thought the place was a little heaven below. "My country seat" was

the name given to it by Doddridge. It was in reality the seat of the Collyer family, about whom he wrote, "I seem, indeed, to have found a tender mother and four of the most affectionate sisters a man could have."

There was one month in the year—one in the two of the academic recesses—when the busy man himself indulged in a holiday. He would in some years ride to London in that month, sending to Mercy the story of his adventures, stage by stage of the way. Arrived at the great city he would write, sometimes "while the post-man waited," to tell her from time to time how "pure well" he was, and what interesting things he heard and saw; would tell her about meeting Mr. Savage, the poet, at Mr. Calamy's house; would tell her about his horse falling down Mr. Coward's well; about having seen "a thousand curiosities yesterday, indeed mor"e, for he had "the favour of seeing Sir Hans Sloane's museum;" about fine pictures in his chamber at Mrs. Scawen's, which reminded him, "as all beautiful things did, of his own wife." Also he had postal consultations with her about fans, crockery, and patterns for damask. London had a population, he was credibly informed, of nearly five hundred thousand! No wonder that the smoke from all the needful fires was bad for ruffles and bands. It was pleasant just to visit such a place, but the whirl soon got intolerable. Sometimes he had the rare bliss of a day in the country. Whether he then distinguished himself at the covert side is not known, but in a letter from Ongar we find this brief record of his piscatory prowess: "I went a-fishing yesterday, and with extraordinary success, for I pulled a minnow out of the water, though it made shift to get away." He warms into gay vanity in telling her of the honours paid him everywhere, and how lovingly the provincial ministers welcomed him. In June, 1742, he travelled from place to place in Devonshire.

Being now the last man of the Doddridge family, he was thought to be the true heir to the ancestral estates in that county, but, unwilling to encounter the costly trouble and risk of putting his claim to the proof, just

about this time they all passed away to strangers. This gives a charming colour of interest to the following passage in a letter to Mrs. Doddridge, dated Exeter, June 25, 1742: "Entertainments are daily provided for me by the principal families, and I have seen that noble palace which once belonged to my family; my arms are there curiously carved over the great mantelplace in the dining-room, which is quite a room of state; and in several other places, particularly in a great upper room, one hundred and twenty feet long, which is surrounded with the arms of all the nobility and gentry in these parts. I assure you, my dear, I saw this without regret; and I hope I have a much nobler mansion reserved for me in my Father's house above; and in the meantime am incomparably happier with you in my present circumstances, than such a seat and all the estate about Mount Radford could make me without you, or without my dear charge at Northampton."

Radford House is still standing, the same but not the same. During the occupancy of Sir Thomas Baring, grandfather of the present Earl of Northbrook, it went through great alterations, in the course of which the crumbling old stone shields vanished, and what was once a banqueting-room in the rear of the mansion was turned into a stable, divided into various compartments.

Both husband and wife had much physical delicacy, and one was often afraid of losing the other. In September, 1742, it was necessary for Mrs. Doddridge to visit the "Western Bethesda," for so they called Bath, for the sake of her health, and to remain there for a long, long time. Many letters of his of this date have been preserved, written in forms of exquisite old-fashioned courtesy, but alive with the first romance of love. With all this they are full of homespun common-places, for he wants to amuse the sufferer, also to make her see how beautifully well the household was going on without her. He therefore reports the interesting words and ways of the children, and gossips about all kinds of things, even condescending to tell the last news about the cat "Gritty

and her kittens." In the same letter, perhaps, are passages of lofty spirituality. Here is one, written October 31, 1742 : "It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days with you ; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, nor indeed about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for Him, and to live with Him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to Him, and converse with Him ; speak to Him when I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes; and have often more delight in coming out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awakening, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or perhaps weeks, of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home, pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick ; pleasant to write letters of necessary business, by which any good can be done ; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls who are thirsting for it, and others dying without it ; pleasant in the week-day to think how near Sabbath is ; — but oh ! much, much more pleasant to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven." [1] Other letters contain similar passages, and one effect of them on Mrs. Doddridge seems to have been fear that her husband was not long for this world ; she therefore sent him many prudent admonitions about care for his health, and restriction of his labours, in answer to which he writes, on the 22nd of December, a letter with such sentences as these in it: "Everybody wonders at my stoutness."

[1] "Correspondence," vol iv. p. 125.

"Sir John Robinson the other night rallied me on my unusual cheerfulness as the effect of your absence, how justly you may easily judge." "If I continue to improve in the vigour of my constitution for the next twelve years, I shall be almost a Hercules in 1754, and on the same principles a perfect Atlas in 1766." *He* work beyond his strength, *he* neglect prudent care! What next? Christmas was cold, but he meant to go about in a bear-skin. There was much mystification about this article; and he goes on to say, "I have purchased a bear-skin of your good friend Mr. Haworth, in consequence of which I hope I shall both be sheltered from cold winds and from all reflections of being a wolf in sheep's clothing, which possibly some of the shepherds, through whose folds I may prowl, might otherwise throw upon me." After all his vain glory he really does fall ill, but of course is very soon better than he was before. A long rhyming epistle written late at night, the next January 26th, is wound up thus :—

"But you're long since prepared to say,
'Since you escaped your nurses, pray,
How have you fared this blustering day?'
Exceeding well—for I took care
To wrap myself in skin of bear;
While each hand, warm in furry glove,
Glowed with the token of your love.
Thus at a distance you inspire
My blood with warmth, my muse with fire;
And yet the flame so gently burns,
I sigh, and write, and nod by turns.
* * * * * *
I therefore join with Mr. Wright
To wish myself and you good night."

Mercy was mystified; therefore, on February the 8th, he thus wrote to explain :—"A bear-skin is a rough garment, something like that of Elijah's, only made of wool instead of camel's hair, and in the form not of a Jewish mantle, but of an English great-coat, with two capes and a hood, which in the coldest weather, put over another great-coat keeps one as warm as if one were in bed. I am not the only prophet so clothed."

After an illness of nearly seven months Dr. Oliver said that his patient was now sufficiently recovered to go home. So at last, in high delight, Dr. Doddridge was within sound of the Abbey bells, and sent a note to her late at night, dated "Bear Inn, Bath, April 13, 1743," just to notify that "he had arrived at the city," and that "before he left perhaps he might give her a call." We have no time for more than these glimpses of his happy married life, and must hasten to another department of the story.

VII.

THE ACADEMY.

"I will confound all those that lies do teach;
No more, my people, do you hear such preach;
But seek the Word at their mouths who are well
Train'd up at feet of learn'd Gamaliel,
Elisha's double portion will inherit,
Being call'd both by the Church and by the Spirit."

THOMAS WASHBOURNE,
Batchelour in Divinity. 1654.

THE academy, transplanted from Harborough in 1730,[1] was beginning to thrive, when an attempt was made to destroy it. The primary instrument of this attempt was the Reverend Mr. Wills, vicar of Kingsthorp, a village in the neighbourhood. There would have been little in common between this clergyman and any one of his order now living. The type is extinct, it is hoped, and can only be found by digging into old formations. Like many of the village clergy of those days, when sure of his company, he was given to talk disrespectfully about a certain great personage as "The Duke of Brunswick, commonly called King George the Second." It is said that his "trophies in the alehouses" were well known, and that he there had great influence as an implacable foe to the meetingers, not simply as such, but

[1] From a MS. diary kept by one of the students we read that, in travelling from London, after a visit to relations at this time, Mr. John Jennings indulged in the luxury of a ride in the waggon; but that his companion, Mr. Aiken, said, "I did not choose it, for it would have cost me half-a-guinea!" Therefore, he walked by the side. This we consider to be a glimpse of the good old times worth getting.

as also being Hanoverians. The frequenters of such places considered that, although they had not much religion themselves, what little they had was good of its kind, and therefore the sight of men like Doddridge was sometimes too much for their feelings, but they looked upon this vicar with much respect. One morning in April, 1732, Doddridge received from this gentleman a letter, in which he asserted himself to be the only person responsible for the religious instruction given in his own parish; complained that one of the academy youths had been found holding forth in a barn there; requested that this should not be repeated; opened an argument on the Divine right of Diocesan Episcopacy; and finished by advising him to read Clemens Romanus and Lactantius, of course not in the originals, but in certain English translations which he specified—which advice was likely to shoot into any classical tutor a delicate sting. The tutor replied on the subject of the argument. The vicar found fault with his spelling. There was another reply, which was a pity. It might have seemed an easy thing to foil such an antagonist. In theory it may be easy to reason with a bull while you shake a red flag in his face, but in practice the bull is apt to have the best of it. "Good Mr. Wills" was angry; he succeeded in making the village clergy angry, the effect of which came out in a few weeks at a visitation of All Saints parish, in which Doddridge lived, when Dr. Reynolds, the Diocesan Chancellor, in the course of an harangue to the churchwardens, said "that he was informed that there was a *fellow* in their parish who taught a grammar school, which he had the assurance to call 'my academy,' as he supposed, without any licence from the bishop," and ordered them, therefore, to examine whether he had such a licence, and, if not, to present him, that he might be prosecuted according to law!

It appears that since 1603 it had been ecclesiastical law that no man should be master of a grammar school without first obtaining a licence, with a certificate of his competency, both literary and religious, signed by the

Bishop of the Diocese or his representative. An effort was now made to wake up this sleeping law and bring it into lively action against the academies for the education of Nonconformist ministers. That which excludes the members or ministers of any community from educational advantages must, in the measure of its effect, work their social extinction. This was the meaning of the Emperor Julian's decree, disallowing Christians to be taught the classics; and this was the attempted policy of the Jacobites against the Dissenters. In the present case, to all appearance, not only would the faculty have been refused if asked for, on the pretext that "the master was incompetent to teach the boys," but there was liability to fine and imprisonment for every instance of teaching without such faculty. It was resolved that this power of the court should now be tested. The Northampton College, as a representative, was to be the subject of the first experiment, and the fate of all the others in England would be decided in the fate of this one.

Shortly after the visitation, therefore, Doddridge received a formal citation to appear before the Consistory Court, and here follows a copy of the original document, a curiosity, now in the possession of the Rev. Fuller Russell, F.S.A.:

"To Philip Dotteridge of the Parish of All Saints in the Town of Northampton in the County of Northampton Gentl.

"By virtue of a Citation under seal herewith shown unto you I Cite you to appear personally before the Reverend George Reynolds Doctor of laws Vicar General Commissary General and Official Principal in Spiritual Matters of the Right Reverend ffather in God Robert by Divine Permission Lord Bishop of Peterborough and also Official of the Reverend the Archdeacon of the Archdeaconry of Northampton or his lawfull surrogate or some other Competent Judge in this behalfe in the Consistory Court adjoyning to the Parish Church of all Saints in the said town of Northampton on Tuesday the Sixth

day of November 1733 at the usual time of hearing Causes there then and there to answer to certain Articles or Interrogatories to be objected and administered to You concerning your Soul's health and the Reformation and Correction of Your manners and excess And especially Your teaching and instructing Youth in the Liberal Arts and Sciences not being Licensed thereto by the Ordinary of the Diocese touching either Your Learning and Dexterity in teaching or Your right understanding of God's true religion or Your honest and sober Conversation at the promotion of and pursuant to a certain Detection or presentment exhibited against you by Thomas Rand and Benjamin Chapman Churchwardens of the said parish of All Saints in the said town of Northampton And farther to do and receive according to Law and Justice WILL SPENCER."

So the first shot was fired, and there was alarm in the camp of the Nonconformists, but no louder expressions of indignant surprise were spoken than by some of the most loyal churchmen. The churchwarden in whose name the measure was carried on, expressed his abhorrence of it, and before its commencement asked Mr. Doddridge "if he could with safety to himself refuse to sign the presentment, or do anything else to make the matter easier?" The Chancellor assured him that he had instituted the prosecution purely to vindicate the authority of his court, and that even now, if he would apply to him for a licence, he would grant it, still asserting the rights he had claimed, but waiving the exercise of them as a matter of personal courtesy. Doddridge, however, saw that this would be a dangerous precedent; refused to recognise the right of ecclesiastical inspection of seminaries for training ministers for churches outside the Establishment; and declined accepting a licence on any terms until the matter had been brought before a civil court. His letter to the Committee of Dissenting Deputies, containing the report of this proposal and his reply, was shown by those gentlemen to Sir Robert Walpole, who was "very much

pleased" with it. They undertook the entire management and expense of the cause at Westminster Hall; through Lord Halifax engaged the services of the Solicitor-General; and resolved that, if the decision should prove unfavourable, they would next try their strength in Parliament. On January 30, 1734, the judges ordered a prohibition. Doddridge and his friends were then advised to make a certain declaration, and on the following June the Chancellor put in a reply to it, the purport of which was that the prohibition had been illegally granted. The process was going on indefinitely, when King George the Second, conformably to his maxim, "That in his reign there should be no persecutions for conscience' sake," sent a message which brought it to a close.

In September, 1733, at the beginning of this litigation, a riotous attack was made on the academy house by a Jacobite rabble, which the Mayor seemed to think was only natural, and therefore declined to interfere. The file of the *Northampton Mercury* of that period has been searched in vain for an account of the outrage. Mr. Hankin, writing to the doctor, remarked, "We had a pulpit and some of the pews in a meeting house in this county pulled out and demolished, and not a paper durst speak a word of it."

While he thus "dwelt in the midst of alarm," there was a church living, worth £400 a year, waiting for his acceptance, as soon as he was ready to conform. He was also urgently asked to succeed the famous Doctor Edmund Calamy at Westminster, and had various other distracting invitations. The one hardest to negative was from Mr. Coward, a rich London merchant, who proposed to build and endow an Independent college at Walthamstow, with Sir Isaac Newton's learned friend, Mr. John Eames, as one of the tutors, and Mr. Doddridge as Principal. This project was not to be carried out in his lifetime, which he was warned would not be for long, and it was his wish that meanwhile Doddridge should come up to his neighbourhood and take charge of the little

Presbyterian church in the village. He was a kind but eccentric gentleman, who had royal generosity in his heart, the cramp in his legs, and a "bee in his bonnet."[1] Having to do with him was like having to step softly over a galvanic pavement, not knowing when the next shock would come off. He was always altering his will, and required watchful and tender management. Doctors Watts and Jennings were afraid that, if thwarted in his educational scheme, the twenty thousand pounds set apart for it would be spent in some other direction; therefore, knowing the special fitness of Doddridge for the principalship, they urged him to accept it. His post was precarious at Northampton; he was also harassed by certain merciless critics of character, who assumed that he would of course accept one or other advantageous offer of a change, and that if he did so, it would of course be from a mean motive; and altogether he knew not which way to take.

The following passages, slightly abridged, are in a letter written to him at this perplexing juncture by the Rev. Charles Rogers, then the Baptist minister of College Lane Meeting, in the same town:

"Dear and Honoured Father in Christ and Beloved of God,— . . . I am fully persuaded in my own mind that . . . you will hear a voice behind you in a little time, saying, 'this is the way, walk thou in it.' This text was given me to clear my way to this town when I lay under heart-pressing troubles from Christian friends, who charged me with love to the world, on the principle I acted upon in leaving, but God was my witness to the contrary. Dear father, if I may drop a word of advice to you with reverence, and from my own experience, I will remind you of these texts: 'Give yourself to prayer' (Psa. cix. 4); 'He shall direct thy path' (Prov. iii. 6). If a faithful minister should break through the affectionate prayers and tears of his dear brethren, only that he might do the will of God, as Paul did, though it went near to break his heart (Acts xxi. 12, 13, 19), I think his friends

[1] Mr. Barker's expression.

should not let earthly passions move them. For my part, your removal will be no small trouble to me and mine, but excess in this would be high rebellion against God. . . . The Wonderful Counsellor will be your advocate, mercy will compass you about, and what is obtained by prayer will be sweet in enjoyment both to you and yours. I have found at times the blessed benefit of ceasing from man and of putting my trust in God—both for obtaining the mind of God in point of duty, and strength to be found in it. Though I remain weak as water when left of God, I hope He has given me a spirit of prayer for you and yours, that He may give you counsel, and that the light of His word might shine upon the particular path He would have you to walk in, according to that glorious promise which He has made good even to me, a feeble David. 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go ; I will guide thee with mine eye' (Psa. xxxii. 8)."

There is no doubt that "trials gave new life to prayer," and that it was by the light thus received he saw his way to stay at Northampton. The attacks on his academy brought it into notice and repute. In 1736 the two colleges of Aberdeen University recognised his services as a teacher, by presenting him in separate diplomas with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. From the time of good Mr. Coward's death in 1738, his trustees carried out his known wishes, though not expressed in a will, by supporting young men in his academy, and in no way interfering with its management during his lifetime, but afterwards assuming the entire control of the endowment. The academic interest grew and prospered.

During the twenty-one years of its history, the number of pupils in a year ranged from thirteen to forty-six. We have no complete list of the sum total. The ordinary term of study was five years. Among other ministers of mark who passed through this, we find the following. Dr. Aiken, afterwards Principal of the Academy at Warrington. Dr. Samuel Merivale, tutor at Exeter. Dr.

Kippis, editor of the "Biographia Britannica," and of whom Robert Hall said, "he laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move." Mr. John Jennings, son of the Kibworth tutor, the darling of his family, "the wit of the academy;" many of whose droll sayings have been preserved in the diary of his fellow student, Merivale. Mr. Job Orton, called by Doddridge "the unparalleled." Dr. Stephen Addington, first tutor of what was afterwards known as "Hoxton Academy." The two sons of the Rev. Mr. Steffe, vicar of Wrexham—one of whom took orders like his father; and the other, dying early, as the Independent minister of Taunton, left a memorial volume of sermons, to which the Doctor prefixed a charming biographical sketch. Mr. James Sheppard, who died just as he had entered upon his pastoral work, and who also left a volume of sermons which had a tutorial introduction. Dr. Caleb Ashworth, tutor of the Daventry academy. Dr. John Stafford. Mr. Hugh Farmer, who wrote with much originality and learning on "Miracles," on "Demoniacs," and on other difficultsubjects, his treatises being once held in high consideration. Mr. Thomas Strange, an apostolic man, about whose death Messrs. Bogue and Bennett say in their "History of Dissenters:" "The tears and groans of his flock attested the greatness of their love; it would be indeed a less difficult task to find a suitable successor to the see of Canterbury than to the pastorate in the village of Kilsby." Mr. Joseph Sowden, of Rotterdam, spoken of by Harmer the Orientalist as "a learned and very ingenious man."[1] Mr. Benjamin Fawcett, who was one of Baxter's successors at Kidderminster, and who attained "a goodly measure of the Baxterian importunity and pathos in preaching."[2] Mr. Risdon Darracott,[3] a gentleman of old Devonshire family, between which and

[1] "Harmer's Observations," vol. i. pref. xxx.

[2] Dr. Hamilton.

[3] In the register of the marriages of Richard Doddridge's children kept in Barnstaple Parish Church, there is the following: "John Darracott and Dorothie Doddridge, May 24, 1596."

that of Doddridge there had anciently been some connection, and portraits of several of whose ancestors may still be seen on the walls of Barnstaple Guildhall. More than any of the others, he seems to have caught the mantle of his master : there will be more to say of him presently. The last survivor of the brotherhood was Mr. Thomas Taylor, who in 1828 erected a marble monument over the grave of Doddridge at Lisbon, and who died in 1831, in his ninety-seventh year, having chosen for the text of his funeral sermon, "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

Taking leave to borrow a convenient phrase, we would call attention to the "lay" as well as the clerical students. In the list of these, we find the Earl of Dunmore; Lord William Manners, who was a brother of the Duke of Rutland; Sir Henry Houghton; one young man who was a son of Lord Kilkerran; another who was maternal grandson of the Earl of Buchan; Professor Gilbert Robertson; also Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Edinburgh; young men related, one to the Earl of Leven, another to Sir Robert Monro; men who were afterwards merchants, doctors of medicine, barristers-at-law, members of Parliament, or officers in the army; also a few strangers from Holland. You may think it surprising that some of these gentlemen did not as a matter of course rather choose Oxford or Cambridge as the place of their final education. It must be remembered that, at that time, the universities were not at their best as teaching institutions; that in this respect they suffered a decadence in the days of the two first Georges; and that, although the greatest living scholars were still holding highest office there, they commonly did so as reposing in their dignity, not as active in their trust. Adam Smith, who had graduated at Oxford, said, "The greater part of the public profession have for these many years given up altogether the practice of teaching." Gibbon tells us that, in his time, "public exercises and examinations were utterly unknown." Lord Chesterfield speaks of the "rust" of Cambridge as

something of which a polished man should promptly rid himself. Gray, the poet, insists that Isaiah had Cambridge equally with Babylon in view when he said, "Their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there." West speaks in the same strain. Whatever reluctance we feel to receive the statement, it really was a time when there was some colour of truth in the satirical stanza in which the forms requisite for graduation were described as often being thus:

> . . . "which Balaam's ass
> As well as Balaam's self might pass;
> And with his master take degrees,
> Could he contrive to pay the fees."

As to the "birth-tongue of the people," there is no doubt that the men generally knew how to spell most words one way or another; but a knowledge of the English language was hardly reckoned as a scholastic accomplishment, and there was nothing that tended to promote it.

If we measure the value of the education given at Northampton by the average educational standard of the times, we shall find, that perhaps these gentlemen were not such serious losers as might have been expected. Being, as most of them were, kept out of the universities by the bar of their Nonconformity, they had to be "content with science in a humble shed," and might congratulate themselves that after all they were tolerably well off. It would be simply comic to think of any comparison between any small private seminary, however excellent, and a college belonging to one of those ancient and stately seats of learning, of which all Englishmen have a right to feel so proud; but we are now about to show that it was a great thing in the circumstances, for young men to have the training as well as to be under the watchful Christian care of a man like Doddridge.

Of course the academy was Christian from the very root—that, or nothing. True, membership of a Christian church, in the ordinary sense of the term, was not one of

the conditions of admission; and as the main design was to train persons for the gospel ministry, this looks like a radical defect; but most of the alumni had already made such a profession of faith, and seventy-eight did so while under the doctor's ministry. Many things show how earnestly he watched for their souls. Here is an illustration. In the Wilson MSS. we find many small papers folded in narrow slips—brown, brittle, marked with short-hand cyphers, and altogether looking a little like "Papyri of the Exodus." Each paper has a student's signature on it, and evidently contains his answer to some simple question of practical religion. The papers are packed in sheaves according to the subject, which are such as these: "What are those sins and temptations which a child of God, who serves Him in the sincerity of his heart, hath the greatest struggle with, and finds the hardest to subdue?" "How may we most profitably attend on Divine ordinances?" "What are the first symptoms of religious decay?" "What discouragements are those which most frequently prevent young persons from attending the Lord's Table?" "What is the difference between natural and revealed religion?" "How far may a man go towards heaven, and yet fall short?" "What are the evidences of love to God?" Various notes have been found, written by householders in the town with whom some of the pupils lodged, and prove to be the required certificates as to the conduct of their lodgers.

It was understood that candidates for admission to the academy had already finished their studies at a grammar school.[1] Youths who seemed to have gifts for the ministry, but who had not been to such schools, were sent to them until they were qualified to be students at the college. Sometimes there were several going through this preparation, often at his own expense. Occasionally, and exceptionally, young men of three or four and twenty, seeming to have a Divine call to pastoral service, but who had received no early training, were received into

[1] Letter to Lord Halifax: "Correspondence," vol. iii. p. 109; "Works," vol. iii. p. 335.

the house without it, and without requiring them to attempt touching classical studies, which in such cases would probably have been a waste of time. "He thought," says Dr. Kippis, "that they might be useful in plain country congregations, which was undoubtedly the case." As a rule, his pupils were fair Latinists to begin with, but he often complained that Greek had been much neglected. An assistant relieved him of the elementary teaching they might still require in the first two years, and after that they attended his own lectures on the classics. Rich's "System of Shorthand" was one of the first things they had to learn, in order to take down lectures and make references with facility. All who were preparing for the ministry had, as a matter of course, to learn Hebrew. "This," said he, "is so very necessary that I wonder it should ever be omitted; or that any young gentleman in an age like ours should be judged competently qualified for the pulpit, who lies as much at the mercy of translators in studying the larger half of the Bible, as any of the people he has to teach." [1]

In the morning, at six in the summer, at seven in the winter, a bell sounded, and shortly after, they all assembled in the lecture-room, when a prayer was offered up, after which they dispersed to their several studies. They met again at family worship, which the doctor opened by a short prayer; after which a chapter of the Old Testament was read in Hebrew by the senior, which he expounded critically and practically; a psalm was then sung, and there was a closing prayer. There was the same order in the evening service, the only difference being that verses in a chapter of the New Testament were then read in rotation, sometimes in Greek, sometimes in French. Each student had the Old Testament and Wetstein's Greek Testament, in quarto, interleaved, in order to take down the expositions. The doctor's notes of these in shorthand are still to be seen. Shortly after breakfast he lectured to each class in order, his assistant at the same

[1] "Memoirs of the Rev. W. Thomas Steffe;" "Works," vol. iv. p. 251.

time being engaged in like manner. The main staple of the curriculum was a series of 250 lectures on "The principal subjects in Pneumatology, Ethics, and Divinity." These lectures have several times been published in two octavo volumes, with the outside of which many are familiar, but most persons have been frightened away from the inside by the grim structure seen there of Axioms, Definitions, Scholia, Corollaries, Lemmas, Solutions, and Demonstrations. The lectures look dry as diagrams. We are, however, unfair judges while we only think of them as the contents of a printed book. We ought to realise them while in use by the lecturer. Then, out of these dead stems and branches grew living questions and answers, and over this hard frame-work flowered illustrations fresh from his full mind and vast reading. We only see the skeletons of trees that were then alive with spring foliage. A graver objection than any on the grounds of mere taste, is that, in accordance with the fashion of that generation, they attempt to cast theological instruction into a mathematical form, and appear to deal with the doctrines of revelation, the truth of which is determined by "the evidence of things not seen," as if they were susceptible of the same kind of proof as subjects in mathematics. As a professor of Divinity, we should still more seriously question the wisdom of his method, if we are to accept without qualification the opinion of Dr. Kippis—"that he represented the arguments and referred to the authorities on both sides, the students being left to judge for themselves: and they did judge for themselves with his perfect concurrence and approbation, though no doubt it was natural for him to be pleased when their sentiments coincided with his own." There is nothing like this in his printed lectures. There might possibly be something like it when presiding over certain *oral* disputations on the doctrines of the Bible. Sometimes his excessive candour might then have kept him from pronouncing so strongly as he should have done the conclusions to which he himself saw his way; or he might have thought that, even in

such a case, it was the duty of chairmanship to take no sides. If so, we think it was a mistake, and the occasion of mistakes. We have a right to know what side a Divinity tutor takes, and why he takes it. But if mistaken in judgment, he was noble in aim. He was training teachers; and he knew that what some men call their own opinions are only the opinions of others taken without examination, and that such men will never make teachers. By making his men think, by quickening the sense of difficulty, and by showing what can be said on the other side, he wished to strengthen the spirit of charity and fairness, while at the same time he got his pupils more thoroughly "rooted and grounded" in vital truth.

Besides the lectures in this syllabus, he taught Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Civil Law, and Jewish Antiquities. Sometimes he would indulge in Lectures on Rhetoric, on the Microscope, and on Astronomy. "Lampe's Epitome of Ecclesiastical History" was the ground-work of a series of lectures on that subject; as was "Buddæi Compendium Historiæ Philosophicæ" of another on the doctrines of the ancient philosophers. Sometimes he would give a course of lectures on the Library, going through case after case, and row after row of books, pouring out streams of delightful talk, rich with critical information and sparkling with anecdote.

"I have not the Chancellor's encyclopædic mind," said Macaulay of Brougham. "He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He *half* knows everything, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."[1] It seems like irreverence to make such a quotation just now; our pen ought not to have run away with us so far. Doddridge was almost unrivalled in his power of rapidly acquiring knowledge, in his clearness of apprehension, in his mental orderliness enabling him to store it away, and in the delight he felt in impartation. Still, we are unable to conceive how one man could efficiently under-

[1] "Macvey Napier's Correspondence."

take so many branches of instruction, and we only hope that none of his pupils mistook for real knowledge what was only a poetical acquaintance with Euclid, and a mere mental scamper all round the Cyclopædia.

It was required that all who were preparing for the Christian ministry should, as far as all fair criteria could show, be true men of God, and when he afterwards had reason to think that any one of them lacked this essential, that one was advised to leave the academy and seek some other vocation. Ministerial students, in addition to the regular work, had lectures and exercises special to themselves. By much personal communication, and by inviting their attendance with him in various departments of pastoral work, he helped them to an insight into the requirements of a pastorate. With equal concern would he labour to train them for the preacher's vocation. "The old, absurd method, first send young men into the pulpit, then train them for it," [1] got no sympathy from him. He never sent his young men into the pulpit without endeavouring by foregoing discipline of exact writing and free debate to educate the power of fit, ready, and effective expression. He criticised their elocution, and in this, as in other things, his advice was in the spirit of that once given by Vittorino, "*un*learn, at once, what by misfortune you have *mis*learned elsewhere." He referred to his own somewhat violent style of speaking as a "caution." One of his methods of teaching them to preach was this: he never allowed them, when they supplied pulpits in their earlier academic life, to preach their own sermons, but only to "repeat" certain selected sermons of others. This excellent habit is, we are told, adopted to some extent by young preachers even now, but perhaps with a difference—for the "repetitions" by Doddridge's young men were *called* "repetitions." Everybody understood them to be simply such. Dr. Warburton said: "The other day I was particularly vindicating and commending two things in your academy: one was the method of introducing students into the

[1] Rev. Josiah Thomson, Clapham, 1770.

pulpit, by repeating sermons for a few months before they begin to preach, which can only be done well in the country."[1] That the plan was perfect we are not quite prepared to say, but it certainly had some advantages, and suggests some important considerations. Doddridge knew that "the Lord's foolish people" frequently seem to expect from beginners a kind of instantaneous maturity. Without a thought about what they are as students, they seem to think only of what they already are as preachers, and are given most to extol young preachers who preach with most unction about heavy crosses, sweet consolations, and deep experiences—experiences which for the present are to them impossibilities. This plan of having "repetitions" secured good sound teaching to the congregations, yet saved the youthful dispensers of it from an awful temptation to untruth and unreality; it saved them from much severe mental taxation, the effect of which would have been to draw them away from the studies that were fitting them for their life-work, and so helped them to get the most good out of their precious college time —the time of serving the needful apprenticeship in the use of their tools.

The funds which Mr. Coward's trustees used for the support of certain students in Doddridge's academy were, after his time, devoted to the support of a separate institution, known in later days as Coward College. This, with two other colleges, have since 1850 been united in one noble establishment; and we endorse the late Dr. James Hamilton's opinion, that New College "should contain a statue of Doddridge, as the man who gave the mightiest impulse to the work of rearing an educated Nonconformist ministry in England."

[1] Letter written Feb. 24, 1743.

VIII.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN CONNECTION WITH THE GREAT REVIVAL.

"Ye mountains and vales,
In praises abound;
Ye hills and ye dales,
Continue the sound;
Break forth into singing,
Ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing
Lost sinners to God."

Sung in 1748 *by a vast congregation, at one of Wesley's Open-air Services.*

THE earlier Hanoverian period was a seed-time of great things, but a seed-time only. From the Peace of Utrecht in 1714, England had enjoyed growing material prosperity. Perhaps never were so few persons in distress about the questions, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" But, sad to say, perhaps never were so many who regarded these as the only questions worth asking. The ruling classes seemed to live the life of the senses, and it would soil our souls to depict the coarse animalism of the poor untaught multitudes. Pastors were asleep. There were many able defenders of the faith, and the Church of England never had more eminent bishops; but, as Leslie Stephen says, "Dull, duller, dullest," make a sufficiently critical vocabulary to describe the merits of ordinary sermons. Spiritual doctors marked

the malady, but gave the wrong prescription. Episcopal charges suggested the study of Juvenal, as likely to make preachers more lively. Shenstone said, "I should think the clergy might distinguish themselves by preaching on the ordinary virtues extolled by the classics, introducing the ornamental flourishes of Horace, &c." We, who have no party bias, may be disposed to reject indignantly, as mere satirical extravagances, pictures of clerical life that we find in the pages of Fielding and other writers of the time; but "satire never creates the sentiment to which it appeals," and, if there had been no likeness in these sketches, they would never have been recognised. Their truth to life becomes more certain with increased inquiry. From a letter written by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter to Mrs. Delany, we learn that peers were known to sell their chaplaincies at prices varying from twelve to twenty guineas. In a letter lately sent with the Winchelsea MSS. to the British Museum, dated "3rd Nov. 1729," a clergyman who had been promised a certain presentation by the late Earl, being "the first person picked upon," thus complains: "A wife was never whispered to me until a day after my lord's death; then indeed my lady herself told me that her maid Morfee was always intended to go along with the living, and that, if I intended to make her ladyship my friend, I must not refuse the offer."[1] Perhaps the depreciated condition of the universities just then may help to account for such shameful disrespect to the clergy; but, whatever the cause, one effect of their lowered influence was their utter inadequacy to meet the spiritual needs of the day. It would be easy to fill a chapter with quotations from such men as Joseph Stennett, Watts, Wallin, and Guyse, to prove that the spiritual life of the Dissenters was just as low. Exceptions of course there were; but very often, at the best, the dissenting minister was a respectable and scholarly man, who, in language clear, neat, and reasonable, discoursed about prosperity, adver-

[1] Uncalendared MS. in the Winchelsea Papers.

sity, and Deity; who wrote books now sapless as the shelves they stand on, who preached pamphlets that might have been preached from the steps of a synagogue or the floor of a mosque; who could have said—

> "With sacred Dulness ever in my view,
> Sleep, at my bidding, creeps from pew to pew,"

and whose voice would rumble dismally through the chill, half empty, misty meeting-house, but was never heard crying in the wilderness outside.

All this while two men—men made for the times—even without knowing it themselves, were being divinely raised up and trained to be God's two great revivalists; each one to fill an office which no church had ready prepared for him, and to do a work which was after no known type. Outside the churches then existing, Wesley was to found Methodism, in its way the most splendid miracle of the Holy Ghost wrought through one man since the day of Pentecost. Inside the Churches, and in quite another way, Whitefield was the instrument of a work scarcely less wonderful, for though he organised no society, and left his name on nothing structural, his preaching was made mighty through God to strike new life into old systems, and to make what is called Calvinism more evangelical; so that more or less, directly or indirectly, most Protestant communities are this day the better because he has lived.

Before these good men entered upon their memorable mission, Doddridge was engaged in his own department of the same work. As he had no call, he had no qualification to be like one of them, a gospel propagandist, hurrying from place to place, and setting the nation in a blaze; but much true gospel service must always be residentiary; much must even be sedentary. Much of his own work was settled within such limits as these. But though stationed in the town, he seemed to diffuse his presence through the country. He did so personally, sometimes by addressing two or three rustic assemblies in a week, and devoting half his annual holiday to evan-

gelical excursions; he did so by appointing members of his church, who were influential from social standing as well as from character, to read sermons in cottages licensed for the purpose, and in a letter to the Bishop of London, he said, "There are few villages round Northampton in which we have not some place licensed;" he did so mainly through his young representatives. The seniors preached, and the juniors did good service by their "repetitions." "They keep up," said he in 1737, "four or five weekly 'repetitions' in the neighbouring towns, and crowds of people constantly attend at each." Under his own superintendence the more fervid of these youths carried on in some of the villages a system of house to house visitation, and where they found persons who could read, left them good books or leaflets.

In a recent biographical sketch of the Rev. James Hervey, it is said that "he made friends with a Mr. Darracott, a student of Dr. Doddridge's, and aided him by advice and otherwise in establishing a society similar to that of the Methodists at Oxford. This made him known to Dr. Doddridge." We have the original correspondence lying here before us, showing the facts in their real order.

One May day, in 1736, Risdon Darracott called on a poor member of Doddridge's church, who lived at Hardingstone, a village two miles from the town, when he found another visitor already in the cottage. This was James Hervey, a young Oxford man who was spending his vacation at his father's parsonage. Although, according to his own account of himself given late in his life, this was five years before his real conversion, he was already an enthusiast, bent on doing good to souls, and would have been glad to sit up all night to pray and talk with any one who could tell him more than he knew about the "New Birth." Each found in the other a kindred spirit. Shortly after this interview, Darracott sent him a present of small books for giving away, and wrote an account of a society which he and some of his fellow students were forming, the object of which appears to have been

a conference about spiritual life, the Bible, and Christian usefulness, and asked for his opinion.

Hervey, writing June 3, said, "This cool morning, I took a walk with a design to consider the scheme which you are going to set on foot. My thoughts were all along attended with abasement and admiration to perceive you having recourse to and consulting me, when you daily converse with gentlemen who are far my superiors in wisdom and knowledge, but especially since you have the happiness of living under the same roof with the judicious and devout doctor. Yet, sir, I fear I am one of those who, as the inspired apostle says, are 'blind and cannot see afar off.'" Then followed a long and loving letter to encourage the project. Dated, "Lincoln College, Oxford, Sept. 1," we find another communication from him to his new friend, in which he thanks him for a further instalment of tracts for distribution, and for "an animating and instructive letter," which seems to have been on the subject of evangelism; for he says, "You have many valuable opportunities of getting what I find to be very necessary for a promoter of piety—the wisdom of the serpent. The worthy doctor, who is so well acquainted with books and men, can tell you what are the most likely baits to catch souls; what pious and affectionate fraud the apostle meant when he said, 'I have caught you with guile.'" Further on he says, "I employ every day an hour or more (which I think is as much time as I can spare from my studies) with some well-inclined people of the poorer sort. We read Mr. Henry on the Holy Scriptures, and pray together. There is one set in one part of the city, and another in another. I meet at a neighbour's house. Oh that I could open my mouth as he did, so boldly and so powerfully! who will give me a little portion of that knowledge which he had in the mysteries of the gospel! that I may declare them to the people, clearly and convincingly. Above all, who will give me some of that humble zeal, that sacred and illustrious fervour which animated him who laboured more abundantly than all the apostles! I am pre-

paring to enter into holy orders, and to take upon me the work of the ministry, that great, wonderful, and important work. So that I have the utmost reason to cry out as the distressed fishermen did to their partners, 'Come and help us.' Help me with your prayers to the Lord God my Saviour, that I 'may receive the Holy Ghost not many days hence,' by the laying on of hands; even 'the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and fear of the Lord;' that He may be in me, rest upon me, and abide with me for ever, making me fit, every way qualified, and thoroughly furnished for this sacred function. . . . Dear sir, pray give my humble service and best thanks to the Doctor, and beg of him, when he is in the acceptable time, to remember me who am in the time of need. If he has any word of exhortation, but especially any treasures of instruction proper to a candidate for the ministerial office, how glad should I be if he would please to impart them, and how gratefully should such a favour be always acknowledged by his and your affectionate servant and brother in Jesus Christ, J. Hervey."

The work, which in this letter he speaks of assisting, was that of the Oxford Methodists—the society in the formation of which Wesley had begun his marvellous career. He, his brother Charles, and Benjamin Ingham, were at this time in Georgia. George Whitefield, another leader, had just been ordained, and most of the original leaders had left the place; but the society still existed, and did its work with spirit. Its members were young men of the university, who bound themselves by rules strict as those of a monastic brotherhood, respecting with severe precision the canons and decretals of mediæval antiquity, keeping all the fasts, communing every week, and being careful that the wine should be mixed with water. They lived on next to nothing, that they might have the more to consecrate. With cloudy views of the gospel, but with motives pure as fire, they taught neglected children, visited the prisons and the poorest of the poor, to give relief, to read, pray, and distribute good books, which we

should not be at all surprised to find were in some degree supplied to these young ritualists by our young Puritans, neither party being perfect in knowledge.

On the 21st of October in the same year, Risdon Darracott went to Brixworth, a village a few miles from Northampton, to deliver a "repetition," and hold a meeting for prayer in the cottage of a poor man named William Beck, who had earnestly desired it. Just before the service began, the house was surrounded by tipsy clowns, some of whom, being "gentlemen by Act of Parliament," were much respected. They hammered at the door, smashed the windows, and begged to be introduced to the preacher. When Beck stepped outside to quiet them, they presented a gun to his breast, and forced him back again. However, hearing that the constables were at the George Inn at "a leet court," they both ventured out and ran to them for help, being pelted with mud, sticks, and stones, all the way. Help was refused; they were hustled into the road again, and were again pelted. The preacher took refuge in a house, and while the rioters were clamouring for him on one side of it, he was lowered out of a window on the other, as it was afterwards said, "like St. Paul let down in a basket from the wall of Damascus." While Darracott was getting safely away, Beck was seized, his coat was rent from his back, and he was nearly smothered in slime by being dragged through a horse-pond. Next day the parties came over to Doddridge, who obtained a warrant, by virtue of which four of the ringleaders were carried before a neighbouring justice. We give the conclusion in the words of Doddridge's account to Dr. Clark: "He treated Beck as if he had been a felon; laid all the blame on him; declared it was impudence to call these things an assault; and forced him, by threats of imprisonment, to subscribe to a very defective information, against many articles of which he protested—and at last allowed him two shillings damages to mend his windows, and two for the warrant. On this, sir, I wrote to Sir Thomas Abney, who immediately roused the Court of King's Bench, and

by proper steps procured rules of court on full affidavits against nine of the rioters, with Mr. W——, and they are now preparing for a defence. All the Tory gentlemen [1] join in this scandalous cause, and, trusting to a Tory sheriff, conclude that, against the strongest evidence, they shall obtain a verdict from a Tory jury, as the cause is to be tried in the county, and I much fear they will succeed."[2]

This case continued for a long time to be a source of vexation; however, in the end, through the interest of the Duke of Montague and Sir Robert Walpole, together with the action of Sir John Robinson, the new High Sheriff, some justice was done; but the particulars are not now at hand, and our present object is only to call attention to the part of Doddridge and his students in evangelistic works and trials in the time of movements that ended in the great revival. Just at this time Darracott and Hervey were in the most constant fraternal correspondence. Through the latter, who has been called "the Isocrates of Methodism," the Oxford Methodists heard of the Brixworth adventure. We are sure that there was at least a sympathetic thread of connection between them and the academy.

We find another instance of contact with Oxford Methodism thus given in Doddridge's Journal, September 10, 1737: "I had this day the great pleasure of beginning an acquaintance with Mr. ———, a clergyman of the Church of England, in whom I think I saw as much of God as in any person that in the whole period of my life I have ever known. He was one of those who went over into Georgia to propagate the gospel there. . . . He told me that God was beginning His work, not only at Oxford, where it was much advanced, but likewise in many other parts; and, indeed, expressed such a sense of Divine things in his own heart, such dependence upon the Spirit, such deep and experimental religion, that it was almost unparalleled. We both prayed with our friends

[1] Tory was then the name of the party disaffected to the House of Hanover.

[2] Doddridge's "Correspondence," vol. iii. p. 220.

before we parted; and I must say, that I hardly know any conversation or any occurrence that has brought my soul nearer to God, or has made me more fit for my everlasting rest." There is a long report of what this "dear brother in Christ" reported of the great work of God done through the Moravians; and the statement ends thus: "He added some remarkable circumstances of his own story of the wonderful manner in which God had inclined his heart to undertake that work among the Americans, in which I verily believe God will make him an apostle; and may the blessing of God go along with him."

The editor of the "Diary and Correspondence" says, in a note, "A blank is left in place of the name here, but the reader will readily discover that the clergyman in question could be no other than the celebrated John Wesley." No; Mr. Wesley was still in Georgia. It was Mr. Benjamin Ingham. He had been Mr. Wesley's companion in spiritual work first in Oxford, next in Georgia. In 1737 it was agreed by the company that he should go to England to obtain more help. We should have hardly expected to find this "Churchman" of strictest type, for such he was, seeking fellowship with a "Separatist"—being his guest, or even knowing of his existence; but the Missioners had correspondence with or about James Hervey during the previous year, and through him they probably had some information about the sympathy of the Northampton tutor.

At last the hour came, and the men. Whitefield was the first to strike a great sensation. In May, 1739, two of Doddridge's correspondents heard him on Kennington Common. Such preaching was a new thing under the sun. You crossed the water in a boat from Westminster, just glancing at the workmen driving the piles for the new bridge. You walked through a mile of market gardens until you reached a great green waste—this was the common. It had been for ages a scene for the execution of London criminals. It was shunned by night, as haunted; and by day, certain terrible things that swung

in chains seemed to make a silence and to kill the sunshine. Yet this dismal solitude was one of Whitefield's favourite "open-air cathedrals," and here, during the first fortnight of that particular month, he preached many times to ten, twenty, thirty thousand people, who stood in the rain spell-bound, the wet wind blowing his words this way and that way. He once computed the congregation at fifty thousand. The ghastly accessories of the scene were all turned to account, and made to enhance the power of his message. Pointing to a gallows where three men were hanging in chains, he said, "If you want to know what wages the devil gives his servants, you need not stir from this place where you now are. *Look yonder!*" His thunder was heard for nearly a mile. This year Wesley was stirred up by Whitefield to begin open-air preaching. "I could scarce reconcile myself at first," said he, "to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he set me an example on Sunday, having been all my lifetime (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." A grand faith made men, feeling all the refinement of scholars and gentlemen, habitually ready and willing to mount a waggon, give out a psalm, gather a mob, and then preach Christ. A grand work of God in the land honoured this grand faith.

Knowing what we do of our friend, we should have expected him to hail these servants of God with great enthusiasm; instead of this, however, he for a time seems to have shown them only courteous respect. He spoke of Mr. Whitefield with qualified admiration, and even so late as June, 1743, of Mr. Wesley as if his visit to the neighbourhood of Mr. Witton, his late pupil, might be looked upon as a trial of his faith. Why was this?

Perhaps one reason for this hesitation was the high churchmanship of these revivalists at that early period. It is not certain that Wesley would then have accepted his ministerial assistance as such, even if it had been proferred. While in Georgia he held the doctrines of

Apostolic Succession, believed that no one could administer the Sacraments who was not episcopally ordained, had excluded Dissenters from the Holy Communion because they not been properly baptized; and by this date he had not announced any change in his beliefs. His brother Charles was even more rigid in this respect than himself. Mr. Roffey, writing to Doddridge in 1749, complains of him for calling dissenting ministers "a tribe of priests, unholy and unsent." Whitefield soon grew out of his ecclesiastical difficulties; but even he, in the year before he began this open-air evangelism, had refused to officiate at the funeral of a person who in his opinion had not been baptized, yet had made no objection to read the office over a baptized soldier who had killed himself by drinking; and, though he worshipped much with Dissenters, was wont to plead that this was no violation of the canons and the Act of Uniformity, which referred to *public* worship only; and that when "the societies" met, it was *not* for public worship, but only an imitation of the primitive Christians, who continued with one accord "in the *temple*," and yet "in *every house* they ceased not to preach and teach Jesus Christ."[1] Perhaps our Dissenter hardly liked such ecclesiastical refinements. Other things may have also disposed him to hold himself in some reserve, such as the remarkable nervous phenomena which generally attended the preaching of Mr. Wesley, all the more inexplicable because that preaching was marked by an earnest calmness by no means appealing to the nerves. Joseph Hughes of Battersea, when he heard him preach many years later, was reminded, by his good sense and pithy language, of Benjamin Franklin.[2] Yet, while he was making his plain statements of truth, robust, insensitive men would often fall down in an instant, as if thunderstruck, upon the ground, where they would roll, plunge, kick, and shout; and after hours of agony, enter into exquisite peace. There were also many things in Whitefield that hurt his sensitive respect for

[1] Acts ii. 46, v. 42.

[2] "Life of Joseph Hughes, M.A.," p. 82.

the legislation of decorum. He thought that sometimes he was crude, rash, injudicious, and, to use his own phrase, chargeable with "saucy familiarities with the blessed God." Added to all, there was the apprehension which he felt in common with other quiet workers, of interruption to his own good work. Whatever the good of Methodism in the long run, there was often a certain evil from it just at first. It was always found that just after its appearance at any place, the weak and excitable Christians there, who of course thought themselves more spiritual than their brethren, though in fact they were immeasurably less so, would be sure to feel a craving for stimulants, a disrespect for order, and an impatience of instruction. James Watt once said of his new steam-horse, "the velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine give unusual satisfaction to all beholders." Mr. Boulton continued, "By-the-bye, the noise seems to convey great ideas of power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man." [1] So, in the machinery of religious usefulness, many good people fancy that nothing is doing but when the steam is hissing at every rivet, and never do they feel so hopeful about the train as when it is off the line. This Doddridge afterwards found to his sorrow. Upon the whole, he was at first inclined to be cautious, but although always disliking certain merely human accidents of the mission, he saw that the mission itself was gloriously Divine, and rejoiced to be identified with its agency.

At five o'clock in the evening of May 21, 1739, that is, in the very month of this preaching already mentioned at Kennington Common, Whitefield reached Northampton, where, according to his own journal, he "was most courteously received by Dr. Doddridge, master of the academy there, and at seven o'clock preached on a common to about 3,000 hearers." Later in the year, the day of the month omitted, we find a letter of his supposed to be addressed

[1] "Quarterly Review," vol. civ. p. 442, Art. James Watt.

to the students,[1] in which the following words occur: "Though you are not of the Church of England, yet, if you are persuaded in your own minds of the truth of the way in which you walk, I leave it. Whether Conformists or Nonconformists, our main concern should be to be assured that we are called and taught of God, for none but such are fitted to minister in holy things. It rejoiced me much to see such dawnings of grace in your souls, only I thought that most of you bowed down too much with a servile fear of man; but as the love of the Creator increases, the fear of the creature will decrease. Unless your hearts are freed from worldly hopes and worldly fears, you will never speak boldly as you ought to speak. The good old Puritans, I believe, never preached better than when they were in danger of being taken to prison as soon as they had finished their sermons; and, I am persuaded, unless you go forth with the same temper, you will never preach with the same demonstration of the Spirit and power. Study your hearts as well as your books; ask yourselves again and again, if you would preach Christ if you were sure to lay down your lives for so doing."

Whitefield's visit seemed to have a quickening effect on Doddridge. His sympathy with the evangelist grew rapidly. Most of us are familiar with a hymn of his beginning thus:

> "Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise,
> To torrents melt my streaming eyes!
> And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
> Those evils which thou canst not heal!"

Many hymns have more charms in the thought, and more melodious liquids in the language, but this was not so much a poem as a cry. Perhaps he was unconscious of the words. There was a vivid moment when, like a seer, he saw mad millions of sinners—was in an agony to save them, felt desperate with a sense of helplessness, and cried out thus. Who could criticise a wail over lost souls,

[1] This is Mr. Tyerman's opinion, and there seems to be no doubt.

and where have we heard one more piercing than this? It was heard for the first time on June 13, 1739, at what is now the Unitarian Chapel at Leicester, after a sermon on the text, "I beheld the transgressors and was grieved because they kept not thy law" The preaching must have been tremendous when such a hymn was made to match it, thrown off, as his custom was, when he had finished his study for the sermon, to be sung at the close. Colonel Gardiner was in the congregation, and, service being over, he went into the vestry and "embraced" the preacher, and the two men, who had never met before, never in spirit parted afterwards.

Sure as law, healthy interest in missionary work at home will grow into a passion for foreign missions. The second is but an extension of the first. With richest tinge and warmest glow, light strikes the near object, but only on its way to the remote. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that as soon as the idea was presented to him he was charmed with it. On December 22nd, of the year in which he wrote the hymn just noticed, Sir John Thorold, having received a Latin letter from Count Zinzendorf, giving the story of the Moravian mission, then recent, sent it on to him, introducing himself with fraternal words, ending thus: "I will not any longer detain you from the pleasure I am persuaded you will receive by reading the joyful account that holy, laborious servant gives of the course of the glorious gospel in divers parts of the earth, than to desire an interest in your prayers, and to be esteemed, reverend sir, your affectionate friend." [1] His soul was now fired with new enthusiasm. Shortly after this we find him in Latin correspondence with the Count, who, on his next visit to England, was his much-honoured visitor. In 1741 the Rev. Benjamin Ingham [2] wrote to inform Doddridge that he had been

[1] Wilson MSS.

[2] I take this opportunity of stating that a letter written May 8, 1742, in which Mr Ingham's priestism is strongly denounced, was not written by Doddridge, as supposed by the esteemed Mr. Teryman, but by the Rev. F. Wadsworth.

chosen a "Corresponding Member of the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel." In the reply to this he said, "Glory be to Him who causes His gospel to triumph, and magnifies the riches of His grace in getting Himself the victory, by soldiers who out of weakness are made strong. If Christ raise to Himself a seed among the Negroes and the Hottentots, I will honour them above all the politest nations upon earth that obey not His glorious gospel." [1] He was accustomed to report the Moravian missionary work at his church meetings.

Still in the same year, that is, first on June 30, 1741, at a meeting of ministers at Denton in Norfolk, next on October 15th, at a similar meeting at Kettering, he delivered a rousing sermon on "The Evil and Danger of Neglecting Souls." It was a rush of thoughts

> "fierily furnaced
> In the blast of a life that had struggled in earnest."

The effect was great. In reference to the first occasion a minister who was present says: "A remarkable day indeed, when the presence of God filled our assembly; and not myself only, but many others have with pleasure owned it was one of the best days of our lives. Though the season was hot, the auditory very much crowded, and between four and five hours spent in the public worship, none thought the hours tedious and wished for a dismission." [2] The sermon was in each instance followed by a ministerial conference on the best means for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. His suggestions are given in the dedication to the printed sermon, and include the following plan for aiding missions:

"That pious people unite as members of a society; that they daily offer up some earnest prayer for the propagation of the gospel in the world, especially among the heathen nations; that they attend four times a year for solemn prayer; that some time be then spent in review-

[1] "Memoirs of James Hutton," p. 60.
[2] Frost's Funeral Sermon for Doddridge.

ing the promises relating to the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world; that any important information of the progress of the gospel from foreign lands be communicated at these quarterly meetings; that each member contribute something towards supporting the expense of sending missionaries abroad, printing Bibles and other useful books in foreign languages; establishing schools for the instruction of the ignorant, and the like."[1]

In this scheme of an auxiliary for the foreign spread of the gospel, began our modern mode of carrying out the Saviour's great missionary law. Each Missionary Society is but an aggregate of auxiliaries like the one here suggested. Our societies, whose united labours have been crowned with a measure of success, not the less wonderful because it is sometimes ungratefully denied, seem to have sprung from this germ.

All this time he betrayed such an increase of love to the Methodists, that his friends at length ventured upon a gentle remonstrance, and in a letter dated July 27, 1743, Dr. Jennings said to him, "Would *it be right before God* for Mr. Coward's trustees not to be solicitous to have their pupils trained up in the words of truth and soberness? and would it be right and friendly to stand by unconcerned and see our friend and tutor's credit, and consequently his usefulness, so greatly impaired, and not offer the best advice we can to remedy an evil that gives us so deep a concern? . . . I pray God that prudence may guide you." These wise words were wasted. On July 28 he actually took part in services at Whitefield's Tabernacle![2] Then good Dr. Watts was constrained to write: "I am sorry that since your departure I have had many questions asked me about your preaching and praying at the Tabernacle, and of sinking the character of a minister, and especially of a tutor, among the Dissenters so low thereby. I find many of your friends entertain this idea; but I can give no answer, as not

[1] "Works," vol. iii. p. 229.

[2] Tyerman's "Life of Whitefield," vol. ii. p. 72.

knowing how much you have been engaged there. I pray God to guard us from every temptation."[1]

Early in October the infatuated man went so far as to allow Whitefield to preach in his pulpit! This raised a hurricane. Reproaches from London, Bristol, Exeter, and other places, came storming in upon him. The trustees were anxious. Mr. Nathaniel Neale, who appears to have been somewhat "rational" in his proclivities, seemed to be much tortured in his mind between great respect for the offender and burning indignation at the offence. In this spirit he wrote two letters of remonstrance as long as pamphlets. In one of them he said: "There are letters shown about town from several ministers in the work, which make heavy complaints of the disorder occasioned by Whitefield and Wesley in those parts. One of them, speaking of Mr. Whitefield, calls him *honest*, *crazy*, *confident* Whitefield! These letters likewise mention that *some ministers there, who were your pupils, have given them countenance;* and you can hardly conceive the disrespect this has occasioned several ministers and other persons in town to speak of you with. Whether you are aware of this, I know not; and I am sure if I did not esteem it a mark of sincere friendship, I would not give you the uneasiness of hearing it."[2]

We are inclined to wish that his answer to such animadversions had not been so much in the strain of apology; but, in truth, he was not quite sure of his ground, and was not yet prepared to be "out and out" in his advocacy of Whitefield. Many of his sayings and doings were contrary to his judgment and taste, but he thought him to be after all, as he said, "a flaming servant of Jesus Christ," and had therefore felt it right to stand by him, though somewhat timidly. However, there was no timidity in his stand for the Methodists after this. "Not long after his reproof, Lady Huntingdon, Lady Frances Gardiner, Doddridge, and Mr. Price, were dining with

[1] "Diary and Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 270.
[2] Ibid. vol. iv. p. 289.

Lady Abney. The conversation turned upon the remarkable religious movements of the day, and all, from their separate points of observation, told of the 'wonderful works of God' which they had seen and heard. 'Such are the fruits,' said the Doctor, his face brightening with intensity of interest, 'that will ever follow the faithful proclamation of Divine mercy. The Lord our God will crown His message with success, and give it an abundant entrance into the hearts of men. It is a blessing that such men have been raised up.'"[1]

From the year 1741 Whitefield and Wesley had been parted, and for doctrinal reasons were working in different spheres. For a brief interval there was anger between them, then a tender and life-long affection. Doddridge had become the warm friend of both, but his knowledge of Wesley began latest. In 1745 we find Wesley on a visit to the academy and addressing the students. At his request he sent, on June 28, 1746, a very long and elaborate letter of advice as to books suitable to the young Methodist preachers. In his acknowledgment of this MS. Wesley appears to have meekly invited his frank expression of opinion as to anything in his own temper and conduct that might lessen his usefulness. Doddridge said, "I have always esteemed it to be the truest act of friendship to use our mutual endeavours to render the characters of each other as blameless and as valuable as possible; and I have never felt a more affectionate sense of my obligations than when those worthy persons who have honoured me with their correspondence have freely told me what they thought amiss in me. . . . This, therefore, dear sir, is an office you might reasonably expect from me, if I had for some time enjoyed an intimate knowledge of you. But it has always been a maxim with me never to believe any flying story to the prejudice of those whom I had apparent reason to esteem, and consequently . . . you must be contented to wait longer before you receive that office of fraternal love which you ask from, reverend and

[1] "Lady Huntingdon and her Friends," p. 35.

dear sir, your obliged and affectionate brother and servant." Wesley had made some comment on the phrase, "faithful *humble* servant," with which he had last subscribed himself. He therefore says in a postscript: "Your caution has suggested a thought to me—whether it be modest to call ourselves humble? If the expression means a real readiness to serve in love in anything low, as in washing the feet of another, I hope I can say, 'I am your humble servant;' but if it mean one who is in all respects as humble as he could wish, God forbid that I should arrogate so proud a title. In what can I say I have already attained? Only in that I love my Divine Master. I would not have a thought in my heart that He should disapprove. I feel a sweetness in being assuredly in His gracious hand, which all the world cannot possibly afford; and which I really think would make me happier in a dark dungeon than ten thousand worlds could render me without it; and therefore I love every creature in the earth that bears His image; and I do not except those who through ignorance, rashness, or prejudice, have greatly injured me." [1]

Much harm had been done to Whitefield's good fame by a kind of "spiritual lusciousness" in the style of his journal, and by other sins against refinement. Bishop Gibson's charges against him in his pastoral letter of 1739 were founded on quotations of this kind. On August 22, 1748, Whitefield asked Doddridge, Stonehouse, and Hervey to revise his pages with a view to another edition. Doddridge accepted this responsibility, and a truer act of friendship could hardly have been shown. He also wrote some faithful words to him, which drew forth on December 21st, the following reply:

"Reverend and very dear Sir,—I am glad, very glad to receive your letter dated November 7th, though it did not reach me until last night. I thank you for it a thousand times: it has led me to the throne of grace, where I have been crying 'Lord, counsel my counsellors,

[1] "Diary and Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 503.

and show them what Thou wouldst have me to do !' Alas, alas ! how can I be too severe against myself, who, Peter-like, have cut off so many ears, and by imprudence mixed with my zeal, have dishonoured the cause of Jesus ! I can only look up to Him who healed the high-priest's servant's ear, and say, 'Lord, heal all the wounds my unguarded soul has given !' Assure yourself, dear sir, everything I print shall be revised. I have always submitted my performances to my friends' corrections. Time and experience ripen men's judgment, and make them more solid, rational, and consistent. Oh that this may be my case ! I thank you, dear sir, for your solemn charge with respect to my health. . . . I trust that, by observing the rules you prescribe, I shall live to declare the works of the Lord."

In Mr. Neale's letter already quoted, and which was written when the outcry against Doddridge for his sympathy with Methodism began, there was a reference to the complaints made by his reverend friends in Somersetshire about "two ministers there, formerly his pupils," who had caught the same infection. It will be interesting at this point, and will come fairly into our plan, to inquire who these ministers were, and what the Methodistic insanity was like, which had so excited this anger. One of the culprits was Mr. Fawcett, of Taunton, who had been eminently successful there, but who, for the sake of greater service, was then on the point of removal to Kidderminster ; the other was our old friend Mr. Darracott. We have glimpses of them both in the following letter to the latter written by the Doctor, March 30, 1747 :

"I thank you, and, above all, I thank God, for the charming contents of your letter, which I have this evening received, and which was a most reviving cordial to me after I came out of the pulpit. . . . I have been bowing my knees to the Father of all mercies to return Him my most unfeigned thanks for the signal honour He is pleased to confer upon you for the, I think almost

unparalleled, encouragement He is giving to your ministry, very far beyond what I can pretend to. But when I consider how very little I deserve, I rather wonder that I am not left totally destitute of all success, than that all my wishes are not answered. I rejoice to observe the humility with which you express yourself in the midst of all. It is by the grace of God you are what you are, both with respect to ability and success. It is my hearty prayer that all the gifts, graces, and blessings of God's Holy Spirit may more and more be made to abound towards you. I am particularly pleased with the account you give of writing letters to some of your people with such good success. Perhaps it may put me upon doing the like. God has made use of your letters to quicken as well as to comfort me, and will thus, I doubt not, quicken my prayers for you. Let yours for me, I beseech you, be continued.

"Since I saw you, I have made a visit to dear Mr. Fawcett, at Kidderminster, where, I think, our Lord Jesus Christ reigns in the most glorious manner that I have anywhere seen in so large a congregation. God crowns his labours in an amazing degree. He has 316 catechumens of one age and another. Old and young are converted. Crowds flock to hear the Word of God with eager appetite, and Christians pray as if they would draw down Heaven to earth by holy violence. He prayed himself like a man inspired, when I heard him in his family; and, upon the whole, has such wisdom, such courage, such zeal given him, and is so 'enriched in all knowledge and in all utterance,' that I seem to myself in many respects but a little child when compared with him. I bless God for his superior abilities and much greater success. Would to God that all the Lord's people were such, and that I, being what I am, were the least and lowest of all the ministers of Christ of every denomination; and I cannot say that I wish to sink lower, unless God may thereby be glorified."[1]

[1] Darracott MSS.

Whitefield, writing to Lady Huntingdon, February 25, 1750, thus refers to the other "scandalous ministers:" "At Wellington I lay at the house of one Mr. Darracott, a flaming successful preacher of the gospel, and who may justly be called 'The Star of the West.'[1] He has suffered much reproach, and in the space of three months has lost three lovely children. Two of them died the Saturday before the Sacrament was to be administered; but weeping did not hinder sowing. . . . He preached next day and administered as usual, and for his three natural, the Lord has given him above thirty spiritual, children. He has ventured his little all for Christ, and last week a saint died who left him £200 in land. At his place I began to take the field for the spring; at a very short warning, a multitude assembled."

Mr. Darracott had fulfilled the promise of his life at college. So animated was he, that it was said he looked "like one who lived on live things."

> "Grant some of knowledge greater store,
> More learned some in teaching;
> Yet few in life did lighten more,
> Or thunder more in preaching."

"His hearers so increased as constantly to overflow the place of worship," even after its enlargement. He set up charity schools, and opened houses for worship in most of the adjacent villages, where he preached weekly. About a mile from the town there was one village where drunkenness, rioting, and sin of every description formerly seemed to be the only business of its inhabitants; and in this place, which was called Rogue's Green, such a change was effected as produced a change of the name, and it is now known as Roe Green. Wellington was changed by his ministry as Kidderminster had been by that of Baxter.[2] The high estimation in which he was held by the excellent of the earth appears from many an

[1] The Rev. Dr. Bennett has adopted this phrase as the title of his "Life of Darracott" (1815).

[2] "Star of the West," p. 55.

unpublished letter to him now before us, written by Mr. Rawlings of St. Columb, Dr. Haweis, the Earl of Dartmouth, Mr. Penrose, vicar of Penrhyn, and Mr. Walker, vicar of Truro, who says in one of his letters, "I have not your warm heart; Doddridge was not my tutor. Dear man! I love him more, since I have known you."

A few weeks after Whitefield's visit, Darracott was thrown into an illness, and was supposed to be dying. When the sad news came to his old tutor, he wrote: "Oh what a wound was it to my heart, to mine which loves you as a tender parent, and more than a parent, if that can be possible, to me who look upon you as eminently my joy and my crown. Must the residue of your days, my dear friend, be cut short in the midst? Must the world and the Church lose you? Alas! it is almost like a sword in my heart. 'Tis what I hardly know how to bring my mind to submit to, and acquiesce in with that humble deference which we owe to that Infinite Wisdom which is to determine the affair. But I would fain say, 'Thy will be done.' I would give you up to Him, whose claims to you are so much greater than ours; not without a secret hope that He would give you back again to our humble prayer, and will make your life the sweeter, and your labour yet, if possible, more acceptable and useful in consequence of this threatening illness. Of this, at least, I am sure, He has stirred up my spirit, and that of several others, to pray earnestly for you, and to plead almost as for our own soul. And I cannot but think that the consequence is, He will spare you a little to recover strength."[1] Mr. Darracott's valuable life was continued to the 14th of March, 1759.

On May 6, 1750, about the time when this letter was written, Mr. Whitefield had ridden from Olney to Northampton, where, his journal informs us, he "had a practical interview with Dr. Stonehouse, Rev. James Hervey, and Rev. Mr. Hartley, rector of Winwick." Next day he

[1] Darracott MSS.

preached in the morning "to Dr. Doddridge's family;" in the afternoon to above 2,000 persons in a field, his friends with whom he had the private interview "walking with him along the street." Doddridge was the holy representative of the vanishing dispensation, rather than the beginner of the new one; yet the scanty memoranda to which we have been limited are sufficient to show that he welcomed the new one, if we may so call the great evangelic era of which we have been speaking, and that he was the first of the Nonconformists who held out the hand of fellowship to its great evangelists.

IX.

LIFE AND WORK IN GENERAL SOCIETY.

"As thou hast proved it by their practice,
No argument like matter of fact is,
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles by what they do."

Hudibras, Part II. canto iii. l. 191.

BERKELEY has been called the "Philip Sidney of Theology." We shall not presume to claim a similar title for our divine. He was, however, one of those on whom the nameless gift of charm is bestowed. His loving kindness, flowing courtesy, and the serene sunshine of his presence, made you quite understand why Lord Halifax said of him, "There goes a true Christian gentleman." At the same time, it must be allowed that his emotional quickness to take impression, his fairness almost to the extreme of unfairness to persons of all creeds;[1] his invariable deference to the person with whom he happened to be speaking, his readiness to think the best of everybody, and his nervous fear of giving pain, sometimes led him into temptation, and gave some colour to the charge that "he tried to please all the world." Yet on a needful occasion he could utter a strong contrary opinion, and administer a bold rebuke. Job Orton says that "he was noted for his skill in reproving sins in persons of quality." Sir John Robinson, like many country gentlemen of the day, was given to mistake

[1] "It was so dry, that you might call it wet."
—ARBUTHNOT.

profanities for flowers of speech. One night he used bad words, when Doddridge was in the company. Next morning he received a letter from him which is a model of earnest and delicate Christian appeal.

Good talkers are rare. Persons of great mental wealth are apt to have no small change handy. But this capitalist in book knowledge was such a man of business, had such public spirit, and was so alive and sympathetic with the small, familiar interests of life, that in whatever company he found himself he was never at a loss. He enjoyed the company of scientific men, in witness of which we find three papers of his in the Transactions of the Royal Society; and only lately the secretary, Professor Huxley, placed in the archives a letter written by him to Dr. Canton about a question of science disputed in his day. He was also an active member of the Northampton Philosophical Society, consisting of medical and other gentlemen in town and country, who met for inquiry and experiment in relation to things which this name indicates. In the year 1744 he read two papers in the course of their meetings—one on "The Doctrine of Pendulums," the other on "The Laws of the Communication of Motion as well in elastic as in non-elastic bodies." We very much fear that it was at one of those meetings a youthful philosopher unfolded a scheme for flying to the moon, provoking even the gentle Doddridge to make this impromptu:

> "And will Volatio leave this world so soon,
> To fly to his own native seat, the moon?
> 'Twill stand, however, in some little stead,
> That he sets out with such an empty head."

He was sure of a welcome at Cambridge. When on a visit there in 1741 he was "most courteously entertained by Dr. Newcombe, Master of St John's." Dr. Conyers Middleton invited him to his house, and our friend says, writing to Mrs. Doddridge, "Dr. Middleton showed me several very fine curiosities, and I, on the other hand, had the pleasure of informing him of

several very curious and valuable manuscripts in the library of which he has the charge, of which neither the doctor himself nor any of the gentlemen of the university that I saw had even so much as heard, though they are the oldest monuments relating to the churches of Italy which continued uncorrupted in the great darkness of Popery, *i.e.*, between six and seven hundred years ago, and it is most astonishing to me that the university should know nothing about them; perhaps it is because Cromwell lodged them there." Mr. Caryl, Master of Jesus College, referring to this visit in a letter to Warburton, said, "Dr. Doddridge spent a couple of days here last week. . . . He favoured me with much curious information, and, if I judge right, is a man of great parts and learning, and of a candid, communicative temper. I now reckon him amongst my acquaintance, and thank you for him." At Oxford he was still more at home. Mr. Merrick of Trinity, Mr. Costard, Fellow and Tutor of Wadham, Dr. Hunt, Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Hebrew, had been his cordial hosts, and were friends with whom he kept up a learned correspondence. "Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "it is a great thing to dine with the canons of Christ Church." However that might have been, and however remiss these doctors and others had been in the discharge of public functions, they were scholars of high repute, and no doubt it was an honour to be reckoned as one of their fraternity. Perhaps his intercourse was most frequent with Dr. Richard Newton. This gentleman, having been for thirty years Principal of Hart Hall, obtained a charter in 1740 to merge it into a new institution called Hertford College, which he effected at great personal expense, and became himself the first Principal. In framing the first statutes of this new college, he consulted Dr. Doddridge and Sir John Thorold, sending copies to them for notes of their advice before publication.

"His discourse," says Kippis, "sometimes rose to the splendid;" yet perhaps it was never more valued than in a quiet room with some Christian sufferer. So, writing

to him September 13, 1744, Dr. Watts, referring to a recent visit, said, "Such converse as I have lately enjoyed with you gives a fair emblem of the social pleasures of the heavenly state, where the communication of our ideas on the most sublime and glorious subjects, and confirming our souls with Divine truth, must needs have a considerable share. God grant that we may here escape error in our pursuit of the best knowledge."

Of course his correspondence was large. In those days, letters were not despatches shot off in burning moments of hurry, like flakes and scintillations from a furnace, but were *treatises*. When a letter cost ninepence, the writer tried to make it worth ninepence. As Charles Lamb says, "We write no letters now." Knowing this, we sigh with the weary man as we read his line—"I have now on this table above a hundred unanswered letters." Some of them were doubtless on matters connected with the academy; some on matters connected with his various offices of trustee or guardian; some about the business of the county churches, or about arrangements for ministerial settlement; some were from foreign professors or divines, who corresponded in French or Latin; others were on subjects of literature, or biblical exegesis. In the list of correspondents we find learned men of his own communion, such as Lardner, Leland, Miles, and Fordyce; and many distinguished Anglicans, such as Dean Tucker; the Bishop of Rochester; Bishop Sherlock, of London; Secker, of Oxford, afterwards Primate; Maddox, of Worcester; Benson, of Gloucester; and Dr. Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury. If some morning you had taken out the contents of the postman's bag for him, you might have seen one letter from the Duchess of Somerset; another from the Countess of Hardwicke; another from Blair, the poet; another from Baker, the naturalist, describing a five-legged lamb, and similar prodigies; another from an orientalist, amending certain translations of the Hebrew Bible, and asking his opinion; and another from one of our ancestors, then only six years old (poor little ancestors !) as follows :

"Honoured Sir,—The many favours you have been pleased to show my mama, which she gratefully acknowledges to you, and for your repeated favours, takes Liberty to present to you a few lines of my own writing, the sight of which she hopes will bring me to your Remembrance, when before the Lord, since the distance is so great you might possibly never think of me in perticuler; but by these lines you may know the Lord hath been pleased to give me understanding to read the Scriptures, and a desire to know the meaning of what I doo read; he hath also given me a capacity to begin to write, which my parents owns to be his gift. He hath been pleased to work in me a very great love to my papa and mama, and all that love them, they hope these lines will be an inducement to you to pray to the Lord for me that I may have saving grace wrought in me whereby I may be enabled to improve any gift the Lord hath or may bestow on me to the glory of God, and that I may both glorifie him here and enjoy him for ever. Honoured Sir, I conclude with due respects from your little servant at six year old till July, JAMES RODGERS.

"Rumsey, March 5, 1742.

"To the Reverend Doctor doddridge."[1]

One day the post brought him the interesting story of another child, a child who afterwards became King George the Third. He had written a booklet on "The Principles of Christianity, in verses, for the use of Little Children." "I am not ashamed," said he, "of those little services, for I had rather feed the lambs of Christ's flock, than rule a kingdom." The Princess of Wales had allowed her children each to have a copy; and in a letter dated February 16, 1745, Dr. Ayscough, their tutor, wrote—

"I shall always be glad to receive any advice or instruction from you, which I desire you to give me freely, and I promise you it shall be received in the most

[1] Wilson MSS.

friendly way. . . . I must tell you that Prince George, to his honour and my shame, had learned several pages in your little book of verses without any directions from me, and I must say of all the children, that they are as conformable and as capable of necessary instruction as any children I have met with." [1]

Some of these letter-writers were also his visitors and faithful friends. In this list we find Dr. Warburton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester. People generally kept at a respectful distance from this mighty man of books, being made nervous by his formidable individuality and nimble energy of invective. He was not much disposed to be civil at any time, and not at all to simulate civility, even to some friends of his friend. For instance: "I think," said he, "that you do not set a just value on yourself when you lend your name or countenance to such weak but well-meaning rhapsodies as 'Hervey's Meditations.' This may do well enough for the people, but the learned claim you; . . . your charity and love of goodness suffer you to let yourself down in the opinion of those you most value, and whose high opinion you have fairly gained by works of learning and reasoning inferior to none." [2] Dr. Stoughton remarks: "When one thinks of the turbulent controversialist coming under the spell of Doddridge's spirit, it almost reminds us of the contrast and association between the Lion and Una, in the 'Faerie Queen.'" [3]

Another welcome visitor was Colonel Gardiner. Dr. Kippis says that of course the Doctor loved him, because he said so; but, at the same time, he assures us that his virtues were of the awful kind, and speaks of him as a hard man, having great austerity of aspect.[4] Children are excellent judges in such a case, and we know that little Polly Doddridge, to whom he used to send "twenty kisses," had a high opinion of him. Under the reticence of the proud old soldier there was much shy kindness,

[1] Wilson MSS. [2] Letter of Warburton, June 10, 1749.
[3] Stoughton, "Religion in England," vol. i. p. 342.
[4] Kippis, "Biographia Britannica."

and a hidden life ready to spring into tender and passionate friendship. Doddridge found it, and the two friends were like David and Jonathan.

Another gentleman who was often seen at the Northampton manse was Doctor, afterwards Sir James, Stonehouse. When a very young man he left Oxford, after a short stay at Coventry, to practise as a physician at Northampton. He then lived a gay and random life, professed the fashionable unbelief of the day, and had given the world his thoughts on the subject, such as they were, in a pamphlet which passed through three editions. In the course of philanthropic enterprise he was thrown much in the company of Doddridge, for whom he felt a great admiration. This disposed him to read his work on the Evidences, and the letters under the title of "Christianity Founded on Argument." These led him to adopt the theories of Christian faith, though no change of heart was wrought. While he was in an agony of tenderness from the death of his young wife, "The Rise and Progress" came from the press; and to this he gave serious heed, marking his copy "in hundreds of places." At the same time Doddridge and Hervey together had many talks with, and prayers for him, after which, by the sovereign grace of God, he became a decidedly Christian man; but although his life was now fired with a new spirit, and was turned in a new direction, he was still James Stonehouse, keeping his old marked idiosyncrasies. He was open, impulsive, given to say what came uppermost, apt to get into hot water, and deserving the character he had from Doddridge, who would call him "our wise doctor," or, what meant the same thing, "that most imprudent of men." As he had used his pen against the good cause, he now wrote for it, furnishing a few small, useful tracts for the afflicted. In these, many of his words are in capitals, many in italics; the style of his writing answering to the style of his speech. At Whitefield's advice he ultimately took orders as a clergyman, and became rector of Little Cheveril, near Devizes. It was not his nature to be calm; and once

after he had conducted the service in a London church with characteristic faults of manner, Garrick, who had been there, made a criticism which is worth considering. The actor said to the preacher—

"What particular business had you to do when the duty was over?"

"None," said the other.

"I thought you had," said Garrick, "on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible. What books were those which you had before you?"

"Only the Bible and the Prayer-book."

"*Only* the Bible and Prayer-book! Why you tossed them backwards and forwards and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger."[1]

By this reproof of the British Roscius it is said that the Doctor greatly profited; for even among the Bath exquisites he was admired for his grace and propriety in the pulpit. "Perhaps," remarks Dr. James Hamilton, "he studied 'his pulpit manner' too carefully; at least, he studied it till he became aware of it, and talked too much about it. His old age was rather egotistical. He had become a rich man and a baronet, and as he was a little vain he had many flatterers; but, as the friend of Hannah More, he has received a sort of literary apotheosis, and as long as her "Life and Letters" have readers, Sir James will shine as a star in the constellation 'Virgo.'"[2]

Some of us, when in company with the late venerable Mr. Jay of Bath, have heard him speak in substance as follows:

"At Mrs. More's I frequently met Sir James Stonehouse. He was formerly a physician of note at Northampton. At that time he was a hearer, and the intimate friend of Dr. Doddridge, in speaking of whom I recollect his observing the amazing affluence and readiness of his

[1] "Lady Huntingdon and her Friends," p. 80. New York.

[2] Hamilton, "Our Christian Classics," vol. iii. p. 387.

mind. 'We sometimes,' said he, 'for a little excursion and recreation, left home together for a week or a fortnight (during the academic recess); and after exploring the sceneries and curiosities of places in the course of the day, he frequently preached at some meeting in the evening to a crowded assembly, without time for retirement, without notes, without fatigue; with an ease, an order, an accuracy, and a fervour truly astonishing.' But religion lives, moves, and has its being in various degrees. He was a good man, with too little spirituality, and too keen an appetite for human praise; therefore Mr. Hervey, whom he attended as a physician, said to him when dying: 'Dr. Stonehouse, beware of the world! beware of the world!' His sentiments were the skim-milk of the gospel; but he must be classed as belonging to the evangelical clergy, though very near the border that separates them from others."[1]

Sir James outlived his friend nearly forty-five years, and many unpublished letters show that he was to the last the faithful friend of his family.

We could fill a long chapter with introductions such as these, showing the kind of life with which the life of Doddridge was associated. With such friends, such a kind heart, and with power to touch so many springs of influence, he naturally did much social service outside the pale of his church work. We might tell many-chaptered stories of such service, of his labours for the good of prisoners in the county gaol; of his success in establishing, in 1738, a charity school, with a foundation for clothing and instructing twenty boys; of his friendship to the poor, especially to the widows and orphans of ministers; of his spirited help in time of need to other congregations, one fine instance of which was briefly this: "The meeting-house of the church at Newport Pagnell having been erected on an estate which belonged to one of the congregation, no conveyance of the ground on which it stood had ever been made to proper trustees, and the owner

[1] "Autobiography of Rev. William Jay," p. 342.

becoming a bankrupt, it was seized by the creditors. Dr. Doddridge purchased the meeting-house of them, conveyed it to proper trustees, and soon raised the needful money."[1]

His most memorable secular work was that connected with the foundation of the County Infirmary, supported by voluntary contributions. Northampton claims the honour of being the place where, some years before this, the idea of county infirmaries first found expression. It was suggested by John Rushworth, a resident medical gentleman, who in a pamphlet published in 1731, addressed to the Surgeons' Company, on the use, first discovered by himself, of Peruvian bark in mortification, made in the postscript some urgent remarks on the desirableness of getting Parliament to assist in the erection of an infirmary in the centre of every county. There were then no foundations of the kind out of London and Westminster. He offered £50 towards the support of such a project as soon as it was started. It will be seen that his proposal had reference to England in general, not to Northampton in particular, and that his subscription waited for the launch of a great national enterprise; but he initiated nothing, and the question dropped.

The great local institution of which we are about to speak began in the determined and spirited action of Doddridge and Stonehouse unitedly. No one can say which of them thought of it first; but, most likely, if either of them had withdrawn from the project at an early stage, it would have come to nothing. After a while they were joined by Joseph Jekyll, Esq., of Dallington, Ambrose Isted, Esq., of Ecton, and other neighbours; then the Earl of Halifax was brought into their counsels, and the good work was formally proposed at the Summer Assizes in July, 1743, when it received the substantial approbation of the High Sheriff and gentlemen of the grand jury. On the 4th of the following September Dr. Doddridge called renewed attention to it by a sermon, taking for his

[1] "Brief Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the Independent Church at Newport Pagnell." London, 1811.

text, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness" (Psa. xli. 1, 3). A large edition was printed; the Princess of Wales and many persons of influence read it, and it helped to create an atmosphere of opinion favourable to the growth of the enterprise. On September 20th, "at a General and Very Great Meeting of the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy," so the first report runs, "it was resolved to Establish the Hospital, and by their liberal Subscriptions and Benefactions a Sum was raised sufficient to begin with. . . . A large House (capable of containing 80 Beds) with spacious Gardens was immediately taken at Northampton, the Situation of which for Air, as well as for all Sorts of Requisites for an INFIRMARY, is preferable to almost any other in England." His Grace the Duke of Montague accepted the office of Grand Visitor, and the Earl of Halifax that of Perpetual President. By Lady-day following the house was to be ready; forty-five beds were to be erected, and the Infirmary opened for the reception of patients. The total cost of building, alterations, and furniture was to be £750.[1]

Nine days after, a letter was written to him by a good bishop, whose last printed sermon he had praised in too complimentary a strain. After a little lecture on this, his lordship went on to say:

"Let us all endeavour to do what good we can, and give those who seem to endeavour it faithfully, the comfort of knowing that we think they do; but let us never tempt one another to forget that we are unprofitable servants. I am in no danger of transgressing this rule, when I say that I have read your works with great satisfaction and some benefit, and both rejoice and wonder that in the midst of your other occupations you continue able, as I pray God you long may, to oblige

[1] "Account of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Infirmary at Northampton." 1743. See also "Gentleman's Magazine," p. 422. 1744.

your fellow Christians so often and so highly from the press. . . . I congratulate you heartily on the prospect of success you have in your hospital, and as I am very sensible of what peculiar advantage it would be to have one at Oxford, so I have not only taken all opportunities of expressing and inculcating my opinion; but should long before now have made some trial of what could be done in the matter, if hopes had not been given me that Dr. Radcliffe's trustees, when his library is finished, may employ some part of the residue of his money in this excellent work. You were much to blame in not letting me see you at Gloucester; and the Bishop, when he knows it, will be as sorry as I am, that you passed by us in the manner you did. The time of my being in town and that of your coming hither, I am afraid are different; but if any occasion should bring you near me, either there or here, I beg you will not think you need any introduction, for I am with great esteem and regard, sir, your very humble servant,

"THOS. OXFORD."[1]

The great meeting, the account of which had called forth this congratulation, was not followed by immediate results. It is an easy thing to pass generous resolutions for which no one is responsible. The real work had yet to be done, and the first stages of this were painful and slow. Questions like these were asked: "What next? Who ever heard of such a thing? Suppose it succeeds, what good will it be to places miles out of town? Merely a house for it will cost nearly eight hundred pounds! Who is to find all this money?" Doddridge himself seems to have had some misgivings; witness his words in a letter to Dr. Clark, dated Dec. 15, 1743: "I wish I could tell you some better news of our hospital. We have taken a house for it. Our subscriptions amount to more than £600, but I fear the distant parts of the county will do nothing considerable. We shall hardly

[1] "Diary and Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 271.

open till Lady-day."[1] Writing to the same gentleman, January 23, 1744, he says:

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—The care of attending the affairs of our hospital, which to this day press hard on me (as Dr. Stonehouse will hardly do anything without me), visiting the sick, who at present are numerous, and the illness of my secretary, which obliges me to write most of my very many letters with mine own hand, added to my usual business and the labour of despatching as fast as I can, which is very slowly, my manuscript on the Rise and Progress of Religion, have concurred to occasion a delay of my answer to your last very obliging letter. . . . I am very glad, sir, that you liked my hospital sermon and its dedication. I have hardly ever published anything which has been at the same time so commended and neglected; and were not Lord Halifax and Mr. Jekyll so hearty in the cause, *I should still expect the design of the hospital would drop.* But I hope it will be open by Easter week, and will, I doubt not, stand, though I fear it will scarcely flourish, unless God put more generosity into men's hearts. The clergy are strangely backward on the occasion, and I fear that my sermon here rather alienated than conciliated their regard; for with some men even charity grows odious when recommended by a Dissenter. I wish Mr. Bradbury did not show too much of the like spirit in the zeal and fury with which he opposes the Moravians and Methodists, and all who will not go his length in putting them down."

The Infirmary was formally opened on the 25th of March, 1744, "when the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Halifax, Perpetual President, etc., went in procession, attended by the Mayor and Corporation in their formalities, to the church of All Saints, where was preached a sermon by Dr. Grey, rector of Hinton. The

[1] "Diary and Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 298.

collection was £54 16s. 11¾d."[1] Dr. Richard Newton, to whom in the name of the committee Dr. Doddridge had in the first instance applied for the opening sermon, had been obliged to decline, but had sent him £50 towards the purchase of the premises, this being charity-money at his disposal. Altogether, the sum promised had by this time reached £1,014 18s. 6d., and of this £948 had been paid.

Our Doctor was chairman of the "Week Committee" in the meeting following the opening day, and often occupied that post on subsequent occasions. The earlier minutes show the continued value and activity of his services: for example, in presenting benefactions from Mrs. Doddridge; in leading an inquiry into certain misunderstandings between the medical officers; in drawing up reports; in inspecting the wards, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Rushworth, at the request of the committee, and in reporting several irregularities, which were rectified; in making, on a similar request, a calculation of the expense of the patients; and in obtaining from the dissenting churches in the county, promises of contributing to collections "in concurrence with their neighbours in the several parishes in which they live." His own annual subscription was five guineas until his death, which seems large, when we remember the words of a Puritan Father: "The Lord regardeth not so much what is given, as what is left."

The Bishop of Worcester, writing to him, March 15, 1746, says, "I am much assisted and greatly obliged by the accounts that I have been favoured with in relation to the Infirmary at Northampton. . . . We have made a beginning, and admitted some patients into our Infirmary at Worcester, and with God's blessing, I trust we shall make further progress this summer. . . . We have not yet engaged in building, but have hired a house, in which we can make up about twenty-five beds. If there be any prudential rules that occur to you in the progress of this work, I should be truly thankful for

[1] "Gentleman's Magazine," April, 1744.

them. I am, sir, with much regard and esteem, your obliged humble servant."

The first Infirmary in George Row, was twice enlarged. The present building was erected at a cost of £15,000, and opened Oct. 12, 1793. This has also been enlarged more than once, and a new building was added in 1878. From first to last, at a rough estimate, there cannot have been less than £27,000 spent for structural purposes. In 1879, the "ordinary income" was reported as £5,047, and the whole income, including, in addition to this, collections, and "extraordinary receipts," amounted to £8,032. The patriarchs, who thought the first sum of £750 too large to be raised, would have been "astonied" if a prophet had foreshown this financial wonder. The in-patients under treatment last year (1879) numbered 1,589; the out-patients in the same time were 7,120. Since 1744, 83,294 persons have been admitted without recommendation, upon sudden accidents or cases that would admit of no delay. Ever since that time, by liberal arrangements, by the splendid apparatus of beneficence and knowledge, and by the wealth that comes out of sacrifice, this institution has been doing good in a large and catholic way; in its school of medicine many generations of students have acquired by scientific trial the cunning eye, the sure hand, and the art which never can be wholly taught by books, or by dint of attending lectures; and here, through constant spiritual ministrations, many souls have been saved or comforted. The little slip that Doddridge helped to plant and water, has now become a noble tree, and is destined to grow still further. It was a good thought that quickened in his mind as well as in that of the friend who was one with him, and it is in the nature of such thoughts to spring and germinate in some beautiful, practical way for ever.[1]

[1] I have been favoured with much information about the Infirmary from W. Adkins, Esq., J.P., Arthur Jones, Esq., M.B., house surgeon, and other gentlemen.

X.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

"The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry."

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

CASTLE HILL Meeting-house, the venerable place in which he exercised his ministry, partly derives its name from the Castle Hill. On that hill, close by, an old castle once reared its stately towers in the air. Parliaments have been held in it. There, chivalry put forth its flower. Thomas Becket's train of winding splendour has passed through its gates. In the reign of King John, a dark deed was done on the spot, which is still dark, but alive in the pages of Shakespeare.[1] Even by the time of Doddridge, however, nothing was left of this famous castle, but a ridge of ruddy grey wall, scarcely higher than the nettles and mallows that skirted it. The only bit of complete masonry left was a low, arched recess, that lasted till nearly fifty years ago, and which certain children were accustomed to regard as the opening to the identical dungeon in which "Christian and Hopeful" were once shut up. On the hill, inside the great crumbling ring of ruins, was a field where, as Doddridge saw, Master Palmer had a cluster of cattle-sheds and haystacks; nothing giving out a sign of the many ancient secrets that were under the grass. Outside this ring

[1] "King John," act iv. scene 1.

was a deep green hollow, once the moat. On the country side of this, and anciently used in the service of the moat, the river Nene wound in and out through rushes and feather grass; and away beyond swept the Dallington Moors, where alarmists expected some day to see the Pretender. On the town side, yet in advance of the town, was the solitary meeting-house, said to have been built of stones fetched from the shattered fortifications, which act brings to mind the text about "beating swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks." Close to the meeting-house were two small hills, now long ago levelled, which were mounds of rubble from fires as well as from ruins made by war, grown over with a tangle of rank weeds.

The writer of this once knew a man who knew a man who knew Doddridge. Seventy years ago, when one of these was very young and the other—Master Love of Harpole—was very old, the two used to stand near the old building and think of the words: "Thy servants take pleasure in the stones, and favour the dust thereof." Using the reminiscences furnished by these humble men, let us try to see the place as it looked at the time touched by this biography. Beautiful as it was in their eyes, it certainly had a look of quiet, respectable ugliness that might have defied competition; for it seemed to have been reared by a believer in the rule, "He who was born in a manger should be preached in a barn." It stood in the midst of green graves and sculptured stones, which time had powdered with orange and silver. Elms and Scotch firs shadowed it. On the walls were sepulchral tablets, a little pent roof shelved over each door, all the windows above and below were shuttered outside—a precaution which ancient mobs made needful,—and in front, over one of them, was a sundial, with the motto, "Post est Occasio calva. 1695." Once, Dr. Doddridge's clerk being late, that clerk, *dicitur dixisse*, is *said* to have said, "By *me* it wants five minutes—the dial must be a little too fast."

Now note the interior. Space for about seven hundred

persons. Roof propped by two great white wooden pillars, one a little bandy—the "Jachin" and "Boaz" of the temple. White galleries, clumsy white pulpit, a great sounding-board over it. Right and left of it, glazed with small, gray-green panes, two tall windows of the lattice kind, which Master Love remembered to have been taken out when Whitefield preached, that he might be heard by the crowd outside. Straight before the pulpit, a long, massive communion-table, at each side of which the students sat; and over this table, on a chain that dangled from the rafters, a mighty brass-branched candlestick. All the pews near the walls were deep and square, of the kind which suggested Milton's comparison of the people in them to sheep in the pens at Smithfield.[1] There were no lobbies. You went up the gallery steps in the sight of all Israel; and the doors opened right into the graveyard, grassy, still, and peaceful. Within and without, everything was marked by stark plainness—partly because the founders had no wealth to spare, but also from their sense of reverence. The thought was, "How dreadful is this place; this is none other than the house of God!" Who will presume to decorate it!

> "For so Divine and pure a Guest,
> The emptiest rooms are furnished the best!"

If you had been there on some Sunday morning during the gathering of the people, you might have seen the dragoons of Lord Cadogan's regiment crowded all round on the back seats of the galleries; into the square pew next the vestry, you might have seen stalk the stately Colonel Gardiner, very awful to young imaginations; you might have seen Oliver Cromwell, the Protector's great grandson, and grandson of Henry, Lord Deputy of Ireland—for this gentleman was often a visitor in the town, and had made his arrangements to

[1] "Touching Means to Remove Hirelings out of the Church." —"Works," vol. iii. p. 366.

settle in this congregation, when his purposes were broken off by death; you might have seen persons of an order not now always represented in a country conventicle—such as ladies of the house of Russell, or from Delapre Abbey; you might possibly have seen the shock made by the entrance of some vain young woman in "a bonnet!" Ladies, with hair dressed elaborately as that of Fejee Islanders, were scandalised at the sight of worldliness so desperate as this, and once a senior sister thus expressed her feelings: "The uncouth taste of being hatted and bonneted prevails now in almost all the churches in town and country. Even matrons of sixty emulate the thoughtless whim of girls in their teens, each trying to countenance the other in this idle transgression of the laws of decency and decorum." [1]

The place would be full. You would see that a large proportion of the congregation came from the country, consisting of small gentry, farmers, and their labourers. Many shopkeepers, thoughtful and reasoning persons, came from the town, and there were many of the very poor class. Many of this class especially were persons of high rank, according to the doctrine of Dyer, who, in his work on "Christ's Famous Titles," says, "He is nobly descended who is born from above." You might have seen good old Malory Weston, whose name appears first on the list of signers appended to Doddridge's call, still framed over the vestry fireplace. From the year 1736 he had been designated the "Father of the Church," being the oldest member. There would be Thomas Porter, the doctor's man, another spiritual nobleman, who, though he was so illiterate as not to be able to distinguish one letter from another, had, merely by attention to his minister's teaching, got an immense number of texts in his memory, with the register of the chapter and verse, and had "an unaccountable talent of fixing on such as to suit every imaginable case." "Many hundreds of people have had a curiosity to see this odd phenomenon," says the Doctor,

[1] "The World," 1753.

"and when Colonel Gardiner said farewell to him on the eve of his last departure he quoted twenty passages with admirable suitableness to the case, finishing the catalogue with the charge, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'"[1] You might also have seen Master Clayton, the old ploughman of Dallington, of whom this story is told:—Mr. James Hervey, shortly after he had become his father's curate, was ordered by the physician for the benefit of his health to follow the plough and smell the fresh earth. In obedience to this he frequently accompanied Clayton. Finding that he was a serious man, he said to him one morning—when stopping to rest on the root of an oak—"What do you think the hardest thing in religion?" "Sir," said he, "I am a poor man, and you are a minister. I beg to return the question." "Then," said Mr. Hervey, "I think the hardest thing is to deny *sinful* self;" grounding his opinion on our Lord's admonition, "If any man will follow me, let him deny himself." . . . The ploughman quietly replied, "Sir, there is another instance of self-denial to which the injunction of Christ equally extends, which is the hardest thing in religion, and that is, to deny *righteous* self. You know I do not come to hear you preach, but go every Sunday with my family to hear Dr. Doddridge at Northampton. We rise early in the morning, we have prayer before we set out, in which I find pleasure; under the sermon I find pleasure; when at the Lord's Table I find pleasure: but yet to this moment I find it the hardest thing to deny righteous self—I mean, to renounce my own strength and righteousness, and not to lean on that for holiness, or to rely on this for justification." Mr. Hervey, in repeating this to a friend several years after, said, "I looked upon the old man with astonishment and disdain, and thought him an old fool. . . . Since that I have seen clearly who was the fool: not the old ploughman, but the proud James Hervey."[2] Another person who was

[1] Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel Gardiner.—"Works."

[2] Mr. Ryland's account.

also much reverenced in the little community was Mary Wills, a poor woman of singular piety, and of such insight and foresight in connection with spiritual things that you would think, from a long chapter written about her in one of Doddridge's journals,[1] that he thought her endowed with the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit. Her sayings were much quoted. Famous persons went long distances to see her. Colonel Gardiner would write, "Pray remember me to all those with you who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and particularly to Mary Wills." The Earl of Leven and Melville, writing Feb. 25, 1747, says, "Pray let me know how poor Mary Wills does. What you wrote of her fears about me is very extraordinary, for at that very time I was in great distress! I want much to know her notions of the present times, and shall have a long conversation with her when I come to your part of the world."[2] You might have seen in the assembling company many other persons whose names we find in the pastor's private memoranda, and who doubtless made some stir in their day, but about whom history is silent; for example, "Nurse Fairy, Goody Honour, Betty Walker, Tubalcain Mellowes." This last-named worthy reminds us of Jeremy Taylor's lament—"How few have heard of the name of Vencatapadino Ragium!"[3]

When the hour of worship struck, punctual to the moment, the Doctor, in rolling white wig and dark blue Geneva gown, would step into the pulpit and hang his triangular hat on a peg behind him. There would be a solemn hush, and a short, solemn prayer; then he would read—oh, how reverently!—a short psalm. In early days the impressiveness of this must have been much impaired by the style of the following "service of song." There was no organ, for organs are not mentioned in the New Testament, but instead of this there was, so tradition tells us, what has been called "a large population

[1] "Diary and Correspondence," vol. v. p. 367.
[2] Ibid. vol. iv. p. 526.
[3] "Taylor's Works," vol. iv. p. 314. Hughes's Edition.

of flute, fiddles, and fiddles' fathers." This was an old fashion. Thomas Mace, addressing his book on Psalmody "To all Divine readers, especially to those of the dissenting ministry and clergy, who want not only skill, but goodwill to this most excelling part of Divine service," says, "I shall not need to blazon it abroad in print how miserably the Prophet David's psalms are (as I may say) tortured and tormented, and the service of God dishonoured, made coarse, or ridiculous thereby. . . . It is sad to hear what whining, toting, yelling, and screeching there is in many country congregations."[1] By the time we are thinking of, the congregation had changed its musical fashion, and the singing was led by the clerk, without a choir. John Ryland says, "I once had the honour to preach for the Doctor, who himself gave out the hymns on that occasion, but could not set the tunes, for he could never change two notes."[2] A repetition of reading, praying, and singing followed; then came the sermon. Master Love, already quoted, used to speak of the Doctor's "loud voice;" others have spoken of his earnest tenderness and nervous violence of gesticulation. It was his ordinary custom in preparing for the pulpit simply to write out the scheme of his sermons, with a few key-words and a few illustrative texts, then to use the language that sprang at the time. Sometimes, owing to the abundance of his occupations, he left too much to the moment of delivery, so at least the young pulpiteers under his care ventured to think, and once a deputation waited on him to say that, "though their revered tutor's academical lectures were admirable, they had not in him a sufficiently correct model of pulpit composition;" whereupon the meek and candid man thanked them kindly and was more careful for the future. Dr. Kippis, who tells this anecdote, also speaks of his remarkable power in extemporaneous speaking, and cites an illustration of it which once occurred when he was a hearer. It appears that he and Dr. Akenside had for two or three

[1] "Muses' Monument," 1676.
[2] Dr. Newman's "Rylandiana," p. 9.

previous evenings been carrying on a debate on the question, "How far the ancient heathen philosophers were acquainted with, and had inculcated, the doctrine of immortality?" One Sunday morning, the poet, with two or three of his friends, came unexpectedly into the meeting. Kippis remarks, "The subject he preached upon was a common orthodox topic, for which he had scarcely made any preparation. But he roused his faculties on the occasion, and spoke with such energy, variety, and eloquence as excited my warmest admiration, and must have impressed Dr. Akenside with a high opinion of his abilities."[1] "I have often thought," says the same reminiscent, "that, in certain points, he had a resemblance to Cicero. He resembled him . . . in the copiousness, diffusion, and pathos of his eloquence." However, thought of from the merely human side, perhaps his sermons were never very great. They had in them no spoken picture, no sparkling spray, no crushing burst of power, no searching flash of light; certainly no impertinence of the kind that so often goes under the name of fine preaching. They were clear, orderly, practical, affectionate presentations of saving truth, in accordance with his motto: "May I remember that I am not to compose an harangue to acquire to myself the reputation of an eloquent orator, but that I am preparing food for precious and immortal souls, and dispensing the sacred gospel which my Redeemer brought from heaven, and sealed with His blood." After the sermon the hymn sung was generally one composed by him for the occasion, and the precentor used to give it out and lead it line by line. This was not merely a Nonconformist practice. We find, for instance, from the note made by a visitor, that it was the custom at the neighbouring Collingtree Parish Church.[2] Bishop Gibson specially instructed the clerks to do this, first in his charge of 1721, and again in that of 1744.

There would be a full place again in the afternoon, but before public worship the children were catechised. On

[1] "Biographia Britannica."

[2] "Life and Times of Countess of Huntingdon," vol. i. p. 192.

this and other occasions the catechism was made the basis of affectionate, conversational teaching; parents and other members of families being present. Thomas Fuller saith, "A good pastor carefully catechiseth his people in the elements of religion, except he hath (a rare thing!) a flock without lambs, and all of old sheep; yet even Luther did not scorn to profess himself *discipulum catechismi*, 'a scholar of the catechism.'" Doddridge subscribed to such sentiments. In one of his letters to Mr. Darracott he says, "I have begun another visitation to all the parents in the congregation, in which I solemnly charge and beseech them, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that they take a tender care of the children committed to their charge, to bring them up for God, and I have engaged to meet them and all their children together, and solemnly commit them all to the Divine blessing. The children attend catechising in considerable numbers. . . . Family prayer is erected in some families where it had been unknown."[1] After the catechising, when the general congregation assembled, perhaps one of the students would officiate.

Originally, there was no evening service, excepting once a month to celebrate the Lord's Supper, the proper time for which was considered to be evening. Then, for the sake of the majority, who came from the villages, the calendar was consulted, so as to secure the moonlight nights. On other occasions the meeting seems to have been open in the evening only after special notice. The course of lectures on "Regeneration," afterwards published, and one on "The Parables," were given at this hour, the towns-folk having the special benefit. The presence of the country-folk was out of the question, owing to the evil state of the roads, which were then only the old waggon tracks, worn deep by the tread and rain of centuries. On a summer morning it might have been a poetical delight to ride to meeting along the grassy and elm-shadowed bridle-paths, between straggling, unpruned

[1] Darracott MSS., Jan. 6, 1748; March 26, 1750.

fringes, where the bramble and the dog-rose threw their long garlands abroad, and the honeysuckle twined round the thorn; but it was a prosaic thing when the banks were ragged with dead grasses, black with fallen leaves, when the centre was mashed into a quagmire, and when, in the language of Milton, the traveller

> "O'er bog or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursued his way,
> And swam or sank, or waded, or crept, or fled."[1]

You would have supposed that the passing of the Turnpike Act in 1752 would have been hailed by all congregational pilgrims with thankfulness; but, no! it offended their rigid perpendicularity of principle, they railed at it as a worldly novelty; some brethren preached against it, and one of the texts was this (Jeremiah vi. 16): "Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk thereon."

Various meetings were held between the Sundays. From 1739 to about 1748, one of these was a Thursday evening lecture at College Lane Baptist Chapel, which used to be crowded.

Dr. Samuel Clark, in the preface to a small volume of sermons preached at Castle Hill, probably in a vacation, and then printed at the request of his hearers, remarks, "It was with great pleasure that I observed among you such a lively sense of religion and its great truths, appearing in your diligent and pious attendance upon the public worship of God; your frequent meetings in private for prayer and mutual edification; the religious order of your families; your regular and exemplary conversation, and pious zeal for promoting the interests of religion; and the flourishing state of your church, and the improvement

[1] Even in kingly Kensington it could be said, Nov. 27, 1738, "The road between this place and London is so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the midst of the ocean. All the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud."—*Lord Hervey's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 189.

of the great advantage you enjoy under the ministry of your pious and learned pastor." This was the character given of the good folks by a visitor not long after Doddridge's settlement, and by God's grace it was sustained for many years.

The magic wand has been waved, and the scene is gone. We might almost say that every vestige has vanished of the castle and the hill. A railway station stands on the spot where feudal ruins used to be; old mounds have been levelled, old hollows filled up, and the old green spaces are now covered with forests of brick and mortar. The old meeting-house is now "Doddridge Chapel." The Rev. Thomas Arnold, the present honoured minister, has been obliged to make an enlargement to meet the necessities of a new population, and to find space for the blessing that has been poured out on his labours; but he has done so by leaving as far as possible untouched the old square meeting-house, simply taking down the pulpit wall, and from that line adding a second square. To some simple people the old place was so dear that when these absolutely needful changes were wrought, all the touches of the process seemed to thrill through their own life. Deep doorways, graceful shafts, shadowy depths, windows like sheets of richly-pictured light, spires that soar amid the sailing birds and the silent air, are all charming; but something may be said for the old homely meeting-houses. They were in agreement with the opinion of Sir Christopher Wren, that "a church could not so be built as that more than a thousand in it could hear well and distinctly." They were adapted for auditories, if not for spectacles and processions; they were places in which average voices could be effective in all their natural inflections, and where the poorest people felt at home; they hint of a way to build churches easily and without debt, so as to meet the wants of our increasing population,—and now their memories and associations have a poetry of their own, moving many hearts with spells of solemn tenderness, which no new palaces of faith can claim.

XI.

DODDRIDGE, KING GEORGE, AND THE PRETENDER.

"Let all that loue thy testament
With harts unfayned praie,
That neuer more in England here
The pope haue golden daie.

Our realme and queen defend, dere God,
With hart and minde I praie;
That all our foes may learne and know
We haue a golden daie.

Send preachers true, good Lord,
Thy gospell to displaie,
That by their trauell they may let,
The papists' golden daie."

Lines from "A Frendly Laurm, or faythfull warnynge to the true-hearted subiectes of England. Discoueryng the actes and malicious myndes of those obstinate and rebellious Papists that hope (as they terme it) to haue theyr golden daie."—JOHN PHILLIP, 1570.

WHEN the first King George was crowned king of England, Philip Doddridge was a schoolboy, twelve years old. He remembered the glee of the holiday. All the elders were then in high delight with a new story about their eccentric minister, Mr. Bradbury, but which he himself understood in after years better than he did at the time. On Sunday morning, August 1, 1714, the day when the infamous Schism Bill was to come into operation, Mr. Bradbury was crossing Smithfield on his way to meeting. His old friend, Bishop Burnet, was driving past him, but, struck with a look of deep trouble

in his face, he stopped the carriage, and asked what he was thinking about? "I am thinking," said he, "whether I shall have the constancy and resolution of the noble army of martyrs, whose ashes are in this place; for most assuredly I expect to see similar times of violence ourselves, and that I shall be called to suffer in the like cause." "Cheer up," said the Bishop; "the queen is very ill; the doctors expect every hour to be her last, and I am now going to court to learn particulars." He further promised to send him the very earliest intelligence of the queen's death, and that if he should happen to be in the pulpit when the despatch arrived, the messenger should drop a handkerchief from the gallery as a sign. While he was preaching, a handkerchief fluttered from the gallery. The queen was gone, and the persecuting act was now a dead letter! He finished the sermon, returned thanks to Almighty God for deliverance, and implored a blessing on King George the First and the House of Hanover; the congregation then sang the eighty-ninth Psalm. So it came to pass that the first public prayer offered in England for the present royal family, was offered in a dissenting meeting-house.[1]

The Dissenters, one and all, were Hanoverians to the backbone. Put yourself in their place, and you will not wonder. They were thrilling with the wrongs inflicted by the Stuarts. Fire was still in their wounds. The memories of fines, prisons, and civil disabilities for conscience' sake were in their first sharpness. Almost every family had its own story of hero or confessor, most dear and reverend, a story to make the blood boil. Besides the historical reasons for the stand they took, these Stuarts had now become the poor tools of France; and by a law of continuity, development, or evolution, their arrogant ritualism had turned into Popery. The determination of the Nonconformists was unutterably intense and resolute not to have this intolerable tyranny back again, and not to think for a moment of taking orders from a king

[1] Wilson's "Dissenting Churches," vol. iii. p. 513.

who had another king's orders in his pocket and a swarm of Jesuits in his train.

They were not strong numerically. At the time of the revolution, "the whole body constituted about the one hundredth portion of the inhabitants of England and Wales, or a little more than a hundred and ten thousand persons."[1] From a list of dissenting churches drawn up in 1716, it appears that they were still declining. Mosheim, writing in 1740, says, "Those who are best acquainted with the state of the nation, tell us that the dissenting interest declines from day to day."[2] All through the fifty years of Doddridge's life it was steadily diminishing in numbers, and when he died, there could not have been in connection with it, more than one thousand congregations over an area where there are many thousands now.[3] Doubtless the good fathers derived what comfort they could from the thought that, in this bad world, those who have the best of the argument have often the worst of the vote; still, it was a stubborn fact that if they had any power in the commonwealth, it was not the power of numbers. They had, however, the power of character, resulting from their own peculiar heredity and religious education; the power of industrial enterprise, the power of earnestness and unity in the cause of political and religious freedom—power all the more marked by the prevalent indifference to these questions: so, all things considered, they were regarded as staunch helpers of the Walpole ministry and strong defenders of the throne.

Their enthusiasm was all the more valued from its contrast with the prevalent indifference. While enemies were lively, and plotters were plotting at home and abroad, friends were dull. During all the earlier years of the Hanoverian dynasty, it seemed quite as likely as not that the Stuarts would be restored. Many High Churchmen who were reckoned loyal, simply acquiesced in the rule

[1] Skeate's "History of the Free Churches in England," p. 151.

[2] Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," vol. vi. p. 33.

[3] The appendices to Mr. Barclay's work, entitled "Public Worship in England," furnish very full and trustworthy historical statistics.

of George as king *de facto*, but would have been quite as well pleased to transfer it to one whom they thought king *de jure*. Many Low Churchmen only cared to keep him in that they might keep Popery out. The second king in the line was not much more firmly enthroned than the first: there was always a secret spirit working against him at the universities; lovers of literature and of the fine arts were not charmed into fealty by his blunt words in disfavour of "boetry and bainting;" the court immoralities, if not more outrageous than in the Carolist period, were perhaps less refined. The king knew little of our language, nothing of our ways; he might be served from expediency, or from necessity, or from conscience, but never from king-worship. What was left in the land of the old, violent, unreasonable, dangerous romance of Cavalier loyalty, was all on the side of the Stuarts. Pindaric odes would sometimes be given in the *Northampton Mercury* and other papers to celebrate the praise of "Caroline, and the god-like George;" but there was always a false ring in their music. When he took his constitutional in St. James's Park, no muse quite sober would think of saying about it, as about the ride of any other king, "When his majesty and his staff rode along the avenue, the quivering trees bent down, the sunbeams trembled curiously fearful through the green foliage, and in the blue heaven above him floated visibly a golden star."[1] Clearly, his influence did not lie in his personality; but too much has been said about this,—he had, and deserved to have, influence of another kind; for his throne was the symbol of safety, liberty of religion, and the independence of the nation. Whatever he was as a man, he was faithful, honest, and true as a constitutional monarch, never forgetting that his reign was established on the basis of a compact with the people, instead of on the basis of the Divine right of kings; and when he died, his official merits were thus fairly summed up by President Davies of Princeton: "Can the British annals, in the compass of seventeen hundred years, produce a period more favourable to liberty, peace, prosperity, commerce, and religion? In this happy reign,

[1] Heine.

the prerogative meditated no invasion of the rights of the people, nor attempted to exalt itself above the law. He never usurped the prerogative of heaven by assuming the sovereignty of conscience, or the conduct of the human understanding in matters of faith and religious speculation. He had deeply imbibed the principles of liberty, and could well distinguish between the civil rights of society, and the sacred rights of religion. He knew the nature of man and of Christianity too well to imagine that the determinations of human authority, or the sanctions of penal law, could convince the mind of any one of Divine truth and duty; or that the imposition of uniformity in minute points of faith, or in the forms of worship and ecclesiastical government, was consistent with free inquiry and the rights of private judgment, without which genuine Christianity cannot thrive, though the external grandeur of the Church may flourish." We are not given to heat ourselves nervously about abstractions. These principles were then regarded by most Englishmen as mere abstractions quite out of their world. Persons are more influential than principles; personally, the king was not popular; at times, therefore, his government was not strong.

When the Kingston schoolboy became a man, he did a man's work for the cause. There was plenty for him to do. His Kibworth rustics might not have been behind their polite brethren in zeal, but we find that in the case of one of them, at least, the zeal was not according to knowledge. When, in 1724, Pope Benedict XIII. died, the news came to this brother, coupled with the alarming information that the Pretender had been unanimously elected by the bishops to be the new Pope. He lost no time in communicating this to his pastor, who of course had to act accordingly. We are told that on the death of King George the First, in 1727, he preached a sermon in which he expressed his attachment to the House of Brunswick, and took occasion with "great warmth and eloquence," to indoctrinate his flock in "the principles which seated them on the throne."[1] The rage of the

[1] "Correspondence," note i. p. 327.

Jacobites, more than once spent upon him in the earlier years of his life at Northampton, is an indication not only of his prominence, but of his influence in the cause of Protestantism and loyalty, the interests of which in England, just then, were looked upon by all parties as practically identical. His sentiments as to the connection between the hopes of Popery in the land and the hopes of the Pretender are given in a sermon on "The Iniquity of Persecution," which sermon was the last of a course on this topic, delivered early in the year 1736.[1]

As years went on, there were from time to time whispers of intrigues in favour of the Pretender, and a suspicion of dangerous machinery working behind the scenes. Christian patriots had a deepening sense of the national insecurity from the growing audacity of irreligion. Doddridge's opinions on this subject were impressively given in a sermon published in 1740, entitled "Reformation necessary to success in War."

In June, 1743, Colonel Gardiner passed several pleasant days with his friend at Northampton, who said in review: "While he was with us, he appeared deeply affected with the sad state of things as to religion and morals; and seemed to apprehend that the rod of God was hanging over so sinful a nation. He observed a great deal of disaffection, which the enemies of the Government had, by a variety of artifices, been raising in Scotland for some years; and the number of Jacobites there, together with the defenceless state in which our island then was, with respect to the number of its forces at home (of which he spoke at once with great concern and astonishment), led him to expect an invasion from France and an attempt in favour of the Pretender, much sooner than it happened. I have heard him say many years before it came so near being accomplished, 'that a few thousands might have a fair chance of marching from Edinburgh to London uncontrolled, and throw the whole kingdom into an astonishment.'"[2]

[1] "Correspondence," vol. iii. pp. 123, 124.
[2] "Life of Colonel Gardiner,"—"Works."

"I should be glad," wrote the Colonel to him, later in the year, "to hear what wise and good people among you think of the present circumstances of things. For my own part, though, I thank God, I fear nothing for myself, my apprehensions for the public are very gloomy, considering the deplorable prevailing of almost all kinds of wickedness amongst us—the natural consequence of the contempt of the gospel. I am daily offering my prayers to God for this sinful land of ours, over which His judgments seem to be gathering; and my strength is sometimes so exhausted with these strong cries and tears which I pour out before God on this occasion, that I am hardly able to stand when I rise from my knees."[1]

Septentrione pandetur malum—"Out of the north evil shall break forth." These words, as appropriated at the time by one who was watching events, came true. July 24, 1745, Charles Edward Stuart embarked from Brittany and set up his standard in Scotland, meaning to overthrow the government of Great Britain, and on behalf of his father to demand the throne. Even then, the real danger was in the fact that the people generally felt no personal interest in their king, and that their souls had been sent fast asleep by their bodies. "I suppose," said Horace Walpole, when told that the Pretender had landed, "that the people may perhaps look on and cry, 'Fight, dog, fight, bear!'" "When the late war broke out," wrote Lord Hardwicke, in 1749, "I believe most men were convinced that if the rebels had succeeded, Popery as well as slavery would have been the certain consequence; and yet, what a faint resistance did the people make in any part of the kingdom!"[2] "These statements," as says Mr. Lecky, "are very remarkable, and especially as this apathy was not due to any sympathy with the Pretender."

On September 4th, the Pretender was proclaimed at Perth. On the 6th, Charles Wesley wrote in his diary, "The night we passed in prayer. I read there are

[1] "Life of Colonel Gardiner."

[2] "Marchmont Papers," quoted by Lecky, vol. i. p. 468.

heavy tidings out of the north. The lion is come out of the thicket, and the destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way."[1] About a fortnight after this, it became plain that there would be an engagement at Prestonpans, near Colonel Gardiner's house. There was grave reason for apprehension, for "In all wars, battles are but the crises of the campaign, the tests of strength long trained and long tried. People are victorious by reason of what they were before the battle."[2] On September 20th, the first battle of the campaign was fought, the king's troops were defeated, and our brave colonel was entangled by a scythe, dragged from his horse, and then killed with the blow of a Lochabar axe at the back of his head. Doddridge was not proud of his old college-mate, Sir John Cope, the commander of the forces; it appeared to him that this fatal issue was very much the result of his incompetency, yet most especially of his slights to Gardiner; and in a letter written in the following year are these words:

"He," Gardiner, "told a friend of his, that, humanly speaking, the king's forces must be defeated; and declared his resolution of dying in his duty, if he were, as he expected to be, deserted. His counsel, though his experience was so great, and knowledge of the ground so perfect, that almost that single circumstance rendered his advice of the greatest importance imaginable, was not asked at all, nor at all regarded; and such a disposition made, and such measures taken, that had the General been indeed in the pay of the rebels, without joining them, it would be difficult to say how he could more effectually have served them."[3]

In November, "the Young Pretender" at the head of his Highlanders set out for London. Comfortable people were much disturbed in their minds at the thought of a visit from these "salvages." No one knew anything about them. No explorer had ever dared or cared to

[1] Jackson's "Life of Charles Wesley," vol. i. p. 428.
[2] "Against the Stream," chap. ix. [3] Wilson MSS.

push up into their far-away frosty fastnesses in "the land of night and wonder, and the terrible unknown," to see what they were like. It was supposed that they were like no known human specimens. They were things not to be reasoned with; not even to be fought with as men of war; but fierce, foul creatures,—creatures, which at a whistle from their masters were ready to fly at us, and to rush yelling over the land with blind and terrible fury, making an ignominious "abomination of desolation." The mutilated faces of soldiers from Prestonpans—soldiers who had been thus used after they had asked for quarter, and then had been allowed to crawl away in misery—showed what they could do. Thoughts of Highlanders and Frenchmen, of the Pope and the Pretender, all confused into one horror, suddenly mastered many people, and changed their supineness into a pitiful panic. If they were prepared for anything, it was for flight. There was a violent run on the Bank of England. Yet there were fine exceptions. The nobility began to raise regiments. Leaders in the Church of England, in the Kirk of Scotland, and in the Nonconformist Churches, sent out printed addresses to rouse the loyalty of their several communities. For particulars, read the due chronicles; we only allude to them in a degree just necessary to explain the part that was being taken by Doddridge. While these movements were going on we find, from a comparison of dates, that he was first in the field. He had already been at work, trying to get the Earl of Halifax to raise a corps of volunteers in the county. In a letter addressed to him by the Earl of Halifax on the day before the fatal battle, there is an answer to this suggestion.

"Your letter," says the Earl, "confirmed me in my opinion of the necessity of showing an early zeal in the defence of all that is dear to us, and I should forthwith have made my proposal to his Majesty"—of endeavour to raise a regiment in and about Northampton—"but that the advice of some friends convinced me that, as this rebellion is not yet considered in so serious a light as to

render any extraordinary offer of this nature acceptable to those in power, I had better wait until the exigency would better justify them. I cannot say that I totally concur in their opinion, but as I would not, upon consideration, appear officious in my zeal, which has not now, or ever shall have, any other motive than the support of his Majesty's royal family and the true interest of the people, I resolved for the present to waive my purpose."

The Earl asked the Doctor to dine with him at Horton on the following Monday, for the purpose of discourse on the subject. The result of this conference was, that in the following week "a large assembly of gentlemen," Dr. Doddridge specially included, met at the George Inn, Northampton, at his lordship's invitation, who then delivered "a very eloquent and animated speech" on public affairs, and proposed that an attempt should be immediately and strenuously made "to raise and maintain a body of forces in and about Northampton." At the conclusion of this speech, a paper was signed by every gentleman present, expressing readiness to support the proposal. After that, the Doctor printed a circular, dated September 26th, addressing it to persons of influence in the county, in which he explained the details of the plan, and urged the reasons for it. In this he says:

"I had taken care to engage about fourteen or sixteen of the leading persons in my congregation to join me in desiring his lordship to make this proposal; and am now, in concurrence with them, endeavouring to engage the names of as large a number as I can, who may be willing to promote the design, either by their contribution, or their personal service; and I am writing letters to be sent by special messengers to all the dissenting ministers in the neighbourhood, to engage them to do the like; in consequence of which I hope that we shall have a large body of men present, by the middle of next week at farthest, to receive the arms which will probably be sent down by the Government, and to enter upon their exercise within a few days; and the character of many of those who I

know will be personally engaged will do a great credit to the undertaking." [1]

One of the doctor's pupils, a son of Lord Kilkerran, bore the colours of the regiment. A letter addressed to Dr. Clark, October 13th, thus alludes to his labour in procuring volunteers: "I carried my lord yesterday, twenty-four brave soldiers; if I may guess at them by their looks, the very best that were brought him. We join in a weekly contribution when they are to march out, but I am in great hope the rebels will quickly disperse without a battle, else I fear it will be a very obstinate one. We have had renewed days of fasting and prayer. May God return some remarkable answer. Hitherto it hath been by terrible things in righteousness." [2]

The invaders were still on their march to London, "with a full purpose to throw into confusion and sack the city." [3] They meant to take Northampton in their way, acting of course in the same fashion. Our friends were on a constant look-out for these unwelcome visitors, and we may be sure that when they woke in the night, Fancy often heard "the measured steps of marching men." The Duke of Cumberland, writing to Marshal Wade on December 4th, having alluded to his halt at Stafford at the time of his letter, says, "From whence we shall march without any halt to Northampton, where we hope to give them battle, as it is an open country." [4] Four days after this intention was expressed by the Duke, that is, on December 8th, Dr. Doddridge wrote a letter to the Secretary of State. This interesting document, lately found by Dr. Waddington in the State Paper Office, contains a string of urgent, practical queries, which the writer said he should not have presumed to offer, "had it not been for this late alarm at Northampton, which seemed to bear so threatening an aspect even on London;" they all bear on

[1] "Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 439.

[2] Ibid. vol. iv. p. 442. [3] State Papers.

[4] State Papers. All the State Papers quoted in this chapter are those discovered by Dr. Waddington, and referred to by him in his "Congregational History, 1700–1800," chap. x.

the importance of the Government encouraging the formation of volunteer troops all over the country. He asks: "Might not some good use be made of the zeal of thousands of able-bodied men in different stations, who would gladly learn discipline and serve on occasion near home, if properly authorised, under gentlemen of approved attachment to the Government? Perhaps, ten thousand such might be raised in this country, who, though not to be depended on as regular forces, might on one exigence do something, and by their numbers greatly discourage an enemy without expense to the public."

In the course of this letter he says, "Had the rebels come hither, I would have engaged that my friends and acquaintance in the neighbouring parts of the country should have brought the Duke a thousand, if he had desired, in the twelve hours' time; and I don't doubt he might, in twenty-four hours have had double or treble the number, on the interest of six or eight gentlemen in the neighbourhood, had their concurrence been requested; and I am confident the persons concerned would have rejoiced in such an opportunity of serving his Majesty and the country." [1]

When Charles Edward heard at Derby of the warm reception awaiting him at Northampton, he turned back to Scotland. From that moment everything went against him. His precipitate flight from Stirling, early in the following year, furnished the topic of his sermon preached by Doddridge, February 9, 1746, and then printed under the title of "Deliverance out of the Hands of our Enemies." At last, the terrible surgery of Duke William eradicated the evil from the land, when, on April 16, 1746, was fought the decisive battle of Culloden. We still shudder at the name. "The 'Order Book' of the Duke," says Dr. Waddington, "recently published, shows that the troops were firmly held in check, and warned against all violence and disorder." Some of the soldiers, however, were not more civilised than the Highlanders. We know

[1] State Papers.

that their immorality was great. "This," Doddridge had said to the Duke of Newcastle, "I am exceedingly sorry to say, makes the British forces infamous beyond most in the world, and, forgive me that I must say it, the Guards beyond all the rest." [1] It is to be feared that there is too much truth in the old stories of atrocities after the battle. We are reminded that, exactly on the next anniversary of it, he wrote and printed a tract, entitled "A Friendly Letter to the Private Soldiers in a Regiment of Foot, one of those engaged in the Important and Glorious Battle of Culloden:" the object being faithful reproof of the sins common in the army, and earnest invitation to the Saviour.

While our good man was rejoicing to think of the great blow to Popery that had at last been given, his joy was suddenly dashed by a new trouble, and that was the discovery that two of the sentenced lords were Presbyterians! He poured out his heart in these words to Mrs. Doddridge, dated London, August 9, 1746. "Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie," said he, "have, to my great grief, declared themselves Presbyterians! The former is attended by Mr. Foster; [2] the latter by Mr. Chandler, who says, I am told, that he finds him in a fine temper. Lady Cromartie was here this day at Dr. Hughes's, and desired that there might be a meeting of ministers to spend some time in prayer, on her account and his lordship's. She is a fine and very pious young woman." [3] In another letter he says to her, "I visited Mr. Chandler on Saturday, who gave me a large account of the excellent temper and behaviour of Lord Cromartie, and of the

[1] State Papers.

[2] This was Dr. Foster, the eloquent but sceptical Baptist, of whom Pope had said:

> "Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
> Ten metropolitans in preaching well."

[3] Ten years before this he had accepted the pastorate of the Independent Church at Pinner's Hall, "from which circumstance," Mr. Wilson remarks, "he appears to have been an advocate for free-communion."—WILSON'S *History of Dissenting Churches*, vol. ii. p. 276.

reasons on which the King and Council have proceeded in determining his pardon, which I think very considerable."

The poor Lords, Kilmarnock and Balmerino, suffered August 18th. Dr. Doddridge, writing from London, calls it "The dreadful work . . . which I would not see." A letter from a youth who did see it, written to his brother, once one of the Doctor's students, may here be given for the sake of its historic interest and simple, graphic power:

"I yesterday saw the execution of the two rebel lords. I was in the house that they went from to be executed, and shall give you as particular account of the whole affair as I can. The scaffold on which they were executed was about fifty feet from the above house; the entry of the house and the passage, from thence to the stage, and that also with the steps that went up to it, were hung with black baize; the block and the two new axes with which they were beheaded were brought to this house. I saw them several times. About nine o'clock in the morning the two sheriffs came, and also the executioner, who was very handsomely dressed. He had on a gold laced hat, a light wig, a blue cloth coat, and breeches with brass buttons and gold vellum button holes, a white waistcoat, ruffled shirt, white stockings, and handsome silver buckles in his shoes. He seemed to me to have too much modesty and humanity for one of that profession. He often laid his head upon his hands and leant against something or other, said but little, and was very dull; so much for him at present.

"The sheriffs viewed the block and the axes and went on to the scaffold. About ten o'clock they walked to the Tower to receive their prisoners. The way was lined with soldiers, horse and foot, and also a large ring round the scaffold. They very soon returned on foot in the following manner: Sheriff Blackford with Lord Kilmarnock, who had Mr. Foster on his right hand and a young clergyman on his left, cousin to my Lord Hume.

Kilmarnock was a pretty tall man; he wore his own hair, which was tied up in a bag, was dressed in black cloth, walked very upright, and looked very much cast down. Foster talked to him all the way and with a great deal of earnestness. Lord Balmerino followed at some little distance with the other sheriff. He walked betwixt two gentlemen, and there were two clergymen whom he took no notice of. He was dressed in blue cloth, turned up and lined with red, had brass buttons, and a scarlet cloth waistcoat, grey stockings, and a tie wig. He did not seem to be the least concerned, but looked very bold. When they came to the house they were conducted to separate rooms, which rooms I was in several times before they came. There was a table set in the middle of each room with a bottle of white wine on it and half-a-dozen glasses. I saw Kilmarnock several times whilst in his room. Mr. Foster took up most of the time in talking to him, and prayed with him a little before he went to execution. I can't tell how Balmerino spent his time, but I believe in conversation and drinking. It was about a quarter after twelve o'clock when Kilmarnock went on to the stage. I saw him come out of his room. He looked as much affected as you can suppose a person in his circumstances. I then went on to my seat where I had as plain a view as if I had been on the stage. He was supported on going up the steps on to the stage by two gentlemen. The clergymen and Mr. Foster went with them. Mr. Foster talked with him some little time. Then the executioner came in a very submissive manner to him. He said something to him, then put his hands in his pockets, and then gave him something, which I suppose was money. The poor fellow cried like a child, and I believe would have fainted if a gentleman had not applied some drops to his nose. Mr. Foster took his leave of the lord, who embraced him. He did not stay to see the execution, but went off the stage, as did also the sheriff. . . . When he had fixed himself on the block, he lay near ten minutes before he gave the signal, which time I believe he spent in prayer, and then he dropped

his handkerchief. . . . One stroke. . . . The black cloth that covered the block and the cushion that he knelt upon were taken away, and others placed in their room, and fresh sawdust strewed about the stage. Then, in a very short time, Balmerino came on to the stage with the other sheriff, two clergymen, and several gentlemen. As soon as he was on he looked all about on the spectators with such an air of unconcernedness as I could not have thought was possible for any person in his circumstances to have done had I not been an eye witness of it. As soon as he saw his coffin he went to it, and read the inscription; he then took off his hat and laid it down upon it; talked to several people. The executioner paid his respects to him: he gave him something, and took him by the hand and went with him to the block; was going to lay his head on the wrong side, found his mistake, laid his head on the right way, and gave Jack Ketch instructions how he should act; several times putting his hand to his neck. After he got up again he went and took his hat from off the coffin and put it under his arm, walked about, and then pulled a paper out of his pocket, and his spectacles, with as careless an air as you can possibly suppose. He read the paper to the sheriff and the rest of the company. Before he had done reading the whole, he left off, and went towards the block, and pointed with his hand; returned again, and made an end of reading, then delivered the paper to the sheriff, pulled off his spectacles and put them in his pocket, went again to his coffin, viewed it very narrowly, and then went to the opposite side of the stage, beckoned up one of the warders of the Tower; as soon as he came to him he pulled off his wig and his neckcloth, and gave them to him with his hat. He put on a cap made with cloth, then, having spoken to certain gentlemen in a very polite manner, pulled off his waistcoat with an air, and laid them upon his coffin. . . . When he was going to lay himself down he saw the axe in the executioner's hand; he took it from him, and viewed it very much; then gave him some further directions, laid himself down, and rose

again, and pulled off a white waistcoat, which I suppose he found ill-convenient, and then laid himself down again, and in a minute's time gave the signal, and soon after received the fatal stroke. . . . I should have observed that the clergymen said nothing to him upon the stage, nor he to them. He seemed to have no thoughts of a future state; not so much as once lifting up his eyes or hands to heaven."[1]

We are sorry for these infatuated men, and think that they might have been rendered harmless, and have even been sentenced to a political death without all this ghastly tragedy; but we have not one word to say for them. The common throng of Highlanders knew no better, but these chiefs had been to school and college. Their conduct was madness—but madness for which they were responsible. We have no sympathy with that sentimental admiration of their deed which has lately become so common. Government is bound to make society safe. When burglars break in upon us, whether on a large or on a small scale, it is not respectable to call them heroes of romance; to call it a grievance if they happen to be caught by the police; and, if they happen to be wearing a white cockade at the time, to call that "a flower of sad poetry." It has been denied that Rome had anything to do with this attempt, and much lofty scorn has been expressed of the bigotry that could ever dream of such a thing. But when we read history—when we find from State Papers[2] written in Rome at the time, that on the tidings arriving of Charles Edward's landing in England, the Pope's secretary and several of the cardinals were "in almost continual conference with the Pretender and Murray," and that there appeared "in that whole party an inconceivable joy, mixed with the highest insolence"

[1] Letter from Charles Buxton to his brother John, at Coxall, in Essex. Furnished some years ago by my esteemed friend, the late Travers Buxton, Esq.

[2] See information from State Papers and other authorities given by Dr. Waddington, "Congregational History, 1700–1800," pp. 348, 352.

—when we find that a circumstantial account of the battle of Prestonpans, and of the fall of Colonel Gardiner, was printed in Italian and widely circulated—when we see still remaining under the dome of St. Peter's monuments to the Pretender and his Lady Clementina, in which the one is styled "King James III." and the other "Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland," it is useless to tell us that Rome had no complicity in the mischief of 1745. It has been said there never was any danger. Even just after the event, David King, of Lisbon, writing to Dr. Doddridge, congratulated him on the defeat of Romanism by the suppression of the rebellion, but made merry at the panic which had been caused by a mere "rabble of ragged thieves."[1] Perhaps the invaders would not have been formidable if they had not been the tools of a formidable combination; but, in the circumstances, the crisis was one of the greatest danger to the throne and country, and of this we think that thoughtful people who said so, and who were living on the spot at the time, were the best judges. Doddridge saw it, and we claim for him the honour of being the first Englishman in a private station who took action, and who roused his countrymen to the like, in defending the threatened throne and liberties of our land.

[1] He used an equivalent expression, but less delicately courteous than this. Wilson MSS.

XII.

PLANS FOR CHRISTIAN UNION.

"How good and how beseeming well
It is that we,
Who brethren be,
As brethren should in concord dwell.

Like the deere oile that Aron beares,
Which fleeting down
To foote from crown,
Embalms his beard and robe he weares.

Or like the teares the morne doth shedd,
Which ly on ground,
Empearled round,
On Sion or on Hermon's head.

For joined therewith the Lord doth give
Such grace, such blisse,
That where it is,
Men may for ever blessed live."

Psalm cxxxiii. ; *version by* SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

WE gladly turn to the more congenial theme of Christian catholicity. Our souls rejoice in the serene purity of this fresh air. In all the last century Doddridge was one of the most beautiful types we know of what is really meant by the word "catholic." He, and like-minded "men worth remembering," delighted to think about plans for Christian union. Certain idealists thought that this union might be promoted, if, in some modified way, and by some process of "give and take," the Dissenters could be comprehended in the

National Church. In 1689, an attempt had been made to establish such a scheme by Act of Parliament, but of course it failed. In 1746 it began to be talked about again. Good Sir John Thorold was much enchanted by the fancy, and writing to Doddridge, December 19, 1747, he said :

"How desirable is union ! Like the precious ointment of the sanctuary it at once exhilarates and fortifies the spirits, and exhibits some foretaste of that everlasting pleasure which is at the right hand of Him who is, and was, and is to come. Our common adversaries, the emissaries of the Church of Rome, are too politic not to take advantage of the present disunited state of Protestants ; and from this popular topic to play off among the people the sounds of 'Head of the Church ;' 'Vicar of Christ ;' 'Infallibility,' etc. If nothing more were to be reaped from Protestants agreeing together about religious matters than putting a stop to the plausible but fallacious arguments of these sophists, it would be a very valuable end ; but there are divers other considerations to prompt us to this coalition. God grant that they may operate to their full force on the hearts and minds of those whose interest and duty it is to hold the truth in the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life !"

In the course of the year the subject was brought into more prominence by a discussion which strangely arose out of the events related in the last chapter. The Dissenters were feeling somewhat vain-glorious on account of their services and sacrifices in the late national crisis. Doddridge leading, every one had followed ; in many instances, meeting-house yards had been converted into parade-grounds ; ministers had become recruiting officers ; all, in some way, had rallied in defence of the crown, and even the Quakers had helped the army by supplying the soldiers with flannels. In accepting commissions as volunteers, our friends had incurred the penalties of the

Test Act, and all the reward they received was their incidental inclusion in the Act of Indemnity, and in the royal pardon for the rebels. His mind still freshly excited by these facts, Dr. Chandler, who had acted as chaplain to one of the sentenced lords, being afterwards at Norwich, went to hear the bishop, Dr. Gooch, deliver a charge to his clergy. In the course of this, the bishop spoke in uncomplimentary terms of the Nonconformists, and said, "The heads of the rebellion were Presbyterians, as appeared by those lords in the Tower sending for Presbyterian confessors." Now, really, this was almost unkind. Dr. Chandler thought so, and on his return wrote to his lordship in remonstrance, who "very handsomely" replied. We are sure that he meant no malice, but had simply said what was the usual thing to say "about that sort of people;" but when he thought a little, he found that he had been unfair. On coming to town, shortly after this, he invited Dr. Chandler to pay him a visit. When he did so, the talk became increasingly cordial, and at length drifted into a debate on the possibility of comprehension. The debate was resumed in a second visit, when the Bishop of Salisbury was also present. The bishops, by the necessity of their function, being practised in the delicate adjustment of differences—in the cautious manipulation of things having to do with "many men, many minds"—and in endeavours to make their ecclesiastical pale elastic and comprehensive, were open to any fair representation on the subject. They both favoured the new idea, and requested Dr. Chandler to wait on Archbishop Herring. This he did, the Bishop of Salisbury being again in the conference. There was a long conversation, and before parting, the archbishop said "that comprehension was a very good thing, and that he was encouraged to hope from the piety, learning, and moderation of many of the Dissenters, this was the proper time to make the attempt."[1] Mr. Barker, whose letter to Doddridge, February 2, 1748, contains all the

[1] Wilson's "History of Dissenting Churches," vol. ii. p. 373.

information we have respecting the movement, was himself sympathetic with it. Doddridge sent an abstract of this letter to his friend Sir George, afterwards Lord, Lyttleton, who, on March 19th, commented on it thus: "The account you give of the conversation with Dr. Chandler I extremely approve, and it may in time produce a comprehension which all good men must heartily wish; yet I have my fears that, if an attempt were now made to carry it into execution, it would meet with difficulties which from these fair beginnings one would not expect. For there is a great deal of difference in things of this nature between *talking* and *doing*."[1]

Doddridge never seriously thought such a scheme to be practicable; but courtesy creates courtesy, and when dignitaries invited conversation on the subject, he was pleased to take part in it. In the following August, being at Lambeth Palace, there was talk about it between him and the archbishop, of which he thus wrote to his wife: "I was received by his Grace in a very obliging manner. I sat a full hour with him alone, and had as free conversation as I could have desired. It turned on Archbishop Leighton; on the Rebellion; on the late debates in the House of Lords; about the Scots nonjuring clergy; and especially on the affairs of a comprehension;—concerning which I very evidently perceive that though his Grace has most candid sentiments of his dissenting brethren, yet he has no great zeal for attempting anything to introduce them into the Church, *wisely foreseeing the difficulties with which it might be attended*; but when I mentioned to him (in the freedom of our discourse) a sort of medium between the present state, and that of a perfect coalition, which was that of acknowledging our churches as *unschismatical*, by permitting their clergy to officiate among us, if desired; which he must see had a counterpart of permitting dissenting ministers occasionally to officiate in churches, it struck him much as a new and important thought; and he told me,

[1] Phillimore's "Life of Lyttleton," p. 408.

more than once, that I had suggested what he should lay up in his mind for future consideration. If Providence spare our lives, I question not but I may have an opportunity of resuming the subject, perhaps with some advantage, for his Grace has been so good as to desire that I would visit him whenever I am in town."

Of course, the kind of comprehension thus dreamt of was a beautiful impossibility. Right or wrong, where State churches are—and where such matters as articles of faith, the priesthood, the sacraments, and the province of the magistrate in things Divine are matters, not of expediency, but of conscience: some Christian persons will be sure to assent, some to dissent, and the one class can never be comprehended in the other. If indeed it were possible to comprehend Christian thinkers representing all the different creeds and schools of thought, within some bond of externalism, it could only be for a time. When these persons came together for teaching or for united work, there would be a sense of tension, as of explosive elements known to be present, needing to be watched; there would be an avoidance of burning questions—often the most important questions of the day; there would often be a temptation to cowardly silence about truth, or to that skilful management of language which is next door to a lie; and there would sooner or later be a catastrophe, proving that such union is only formalism, and that the peace it glories in is only death. In the battle of interpretations, with our present errors and weaknesses, and under the circumstances which they have created—surely Christian union must not wait for its realisation until all Christians are comprehended in some one visible church—in yours, for instance, or in mine. Living union begins in a centre, not in a circumference. Christ is the centre of Christian souls. The essential oneness of believers is not the attribute of the fold, but of the flock. All who belong to Christ are "one *flock* under one shepherd;" but that flock is so large that it needs many folds. Let us try to be fair to one another. Let us never stipulate for the suppression of any conscien-

tiously held opinion on the part of any tested Christian man, before we give him our hearty love. Let every one —every one who is now in a communion with which he can agree in all great Christian principles, if not in all preferences—every one, especially every one who most passionately longs for the triumph of catholicity—*keep where he is;* and try to do his best in the section of the great one Church in which he finds himself, not leaving it for another if he can help it. Let us all most cherish what is most central in importance to all Christians as such, and, cleaving to Christ, get more charity from Christ, so shall we all grow into unity.

So Doddridge thought and acted. For his own part he was a resolute Nonconformist, in the old sense of the term. Writing in 1748 to a person who thought that his interest in discussing the question of comprehension implied that he was about to desert an old standard, he said: "Assure those who may have heard the report, that though my growing acquaintance with many excellent persons, some of them of great eminence in the Establishment, increases those candid, respectful sentiments of that body of Christians which I had long entertained; yet I am so thoroughly persuaded of the reasonableness of Nonconformity, and find so many of the terms of ministerial conformity contrary to the dictates of my conscience in the sight of God, that I was never less inclined to submit to them, and hope I shall not be willing to buy my liberty or life at that price. But I think it my duty to do my part towards promoting that mutual peace and goodwill which I think more likely than anything else, either to reform the Church, or else to promote true Christianity both in the Establishment and separation; to strengthen the Protestant cause, and to defeat the designs of our common enemies."

Without surrender or modification of distinctive Church principles on his own part, or wishing for it on the part of those who in these respects dissented from him, his simple plan for Christian union was that each Christian should realise the vital union of all Christians in Christ. In a

sermon preached at a ministers' meeting in 1750, having spoken of "Consolation in Christ" as the property of all Christians equally, he said: "The thoughts of being joint proprietors," in the blessings of this consolation, "must naturally be a source of love. For every one who is admitted to a share in these blessings is honoured and adorned by them; is not only exhibited to us as the object of the Redeemer's love which surely should greatly recommend him to ours, but is made lovely in consequence of it, and that, with this further important and endearing circumstance, that he is destined by our glorious Master to dwell with us and with Him in a world of final and everlasting felicity. Let our souls enter into the attractive thought. However we now be divided, if we are indeed the members of Christ, one temple shall at length contain us; one anthem shall at length unite our voices; one object of supreme love for ever fill, and by ever filling animate, our hearts. Such consolations have we in Christ, and such are the engagements in love which result from them." [1]

Sometimes ministers find the sharpest test of their Christian chivalry come in the course of their dealings with congregations locally nearest their own, and most of all with those nearest their own in faith and order. He survived this test. His relations with his Baptist neighbours were most happy. Reference has already been made to his week-night services in their meeting-house. For nearly a century it was their practice to baptize in the river Nene, thinking that they thus followed as nearly as as they could the steps of the blessed Lord and His first disciples. Here it was that Carey, the great missionary, afterwards made his first public confession of faith. On these occasions the candidates had the use of Castle Hill vestry, because of its nearness to the river. Tradition

[1] The dedication to the Rev. James Hervey of his sermon on "Christ's Invitation to Thirsty Souls;" passages in his introduction to Archbishop Leighton's works; the close of his letter to the Bishop of London quoted from the Fulham MSS. by Dr. Waddington, and other extracts are here omitted from want of space.

says that Dr. Doddridge was sometimes present at such services, and has been known to take part in them by giving out a hymn. Many years after, aged persons delighted to tell Dr. Ryland of one particular instance of his presence, when he took off his own gown and put it on the minister, with a remark to him, heard by all the assembly, on "the solemnity of the ordinance."

XIII.

WRITINGS.

"Should the well-meant songs I leave behind,
With Jesu's lovers an acceptance find,
'Twill heighten even the joys of heaven to know,
That in my verse the saints hymn God below."

BISHOP KEN.

DURING the twenty-one years of his life at Northampton, he printed, or got ready for the press, fifty-three works. Some of them were poly-volumed; so that altogether they numbered twenty-five thick tomes, besides thirty-seven thin treatises—such as pamphlets and single sermons. Most of these passed through several editions under his own superintendence. It would be impossible to tell the total number of editions from first to last, down to the present time; but, leaving out the numerous issues of his works in whole and in part in America, also those in the French, Dutch, Danish, and Welsh languages, and not attempting to discover all published in our English provincial towns, we have already counted two hundred and nine editions of his works, great and small, and have not yet finished counting. We include in our enumeration some that are not in the Leeds edition of his collected writings, in ten volumes. The first effect on our minds, especially when we recollect his other strenuous and multifarious labours, is wonder at his industry; and the next is wonder at his popularity; or, if not that, curiosity as to the secret of it. Copies of his books have been circulating in hundreds of thousands, and each copy

has had its own group and succession of readers. The cause of this influence is not evident at once. We are not at once struck with his thought, nor with his art in rendering thought into form. We meet with little or no poetry, no pith, no nerve, no tense, tight exactness, no sentences of the kind which Lady Mary Montagu says she aimed at in her talk—"short, clear, and surprising;' but we must remember that the men of his day admired, not these qualities of writing, but rather what they called "a flowing style"—a style, the ideal of which is given by Dr. Watts, who, when speaking of Joseph Stennett as one of the three greatest preachers he had known, said, "His preaching was like a silver stream which runs along, without bush or stones to interrupt it." [1] Writers and speakers aimed at this, and were in consequence too often open to the compliment once paid to the orator Anaxamines when he rose to speak—"here beginneth a river of words." The style of Doddridge was popular because it was a *flow*, sometimes strengthening into a *rush* of language, but he was far too wordy. Another cause of his effectiveness in this kind of Christian work was his own interest in it. He wrote as one who had something to say, not merely as one who had to say something. If his thoughts were not always deep, subtle, or glorious, they were always alive, his devotion was always fresh, and his aim was always practical.

"The Family Expositor" was the *magnum opus* of his life, the work on which he was engaged for twelve years. Even when riding to an ordination service, or to some ministers' meeting, some leaves of this with his Greek Testament would be sure to be stowed in the saddle bag, that he might add a line at the first chance moment, or set down in hot haste before it was lost some felicity of translation. One day, just as he had finished the last volume, he found it on his desk in flames, with lighted sealing-wax running over it; and the burnt edges of the manuscript,

[1] Gibbon's "Life of Dr. Watts," p. 164. According to him, the other two great preachers were John Howe and Thomas Gouge.

now preserved in Regent's Park College Library, explain the question in the preface—"Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"[1]

In this work, the four reports of the evangelists are blended into one continuous narrative, and all through the Testament, the precise forces and delicate meanings of the great, strong Bible words were—we will not say watered down, but brought out, and diffused through the many words of a free English version. All the words of the Authorized Version were still preserved, were with great ingenuity imbedded in the new, diluted sentences, and marked with italics, so that the family reader might, if he pleased, pick his way warily on these stepping-stones without slipping into the flood of the paraphrase. When it came out, he received letters from all quarters in its praise, some wise, some otherwise. "Indeed," said the Hon. Mrs. Scawen, "I think it is vastly entertaining." Some readers have hesitated to say as much; but it has great merits, and if not free from the almost inevitable faults of a paraphrase, and though not distinguished by the high expository excellencies belonging to works of such men as Calvin or Beza, it has been of great value to all churches, and biblical students still derive much help, both from the translation and the notes. The fact that twenty-one editions of it, generally in six volumes, have been published in London alone, is a witness to its popularity. Hartwell Horne has spoken of it as "masterly;" referring to the second volume, Bishop Warburton said, "The greatest thing I can say of it is that it is equal to the first; and the truest thing I can say of both, that they surpass everything of the kind." It has received fervent praise from Bishops Watson, Tomline, Barrington, and other great critics. "The Speaker asked me," says Wilberforce, "what commentary on the New Testament I recommended. I answered, 'Doddridge's Expositor;'" adding, as we should have done, "yet Doddridge is un-

[1] This MS. is now in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park College.

satisfactory, and we still want such a work."[1] If less striking in its scholarship than when he wrote it, this is partly because the book itself has helped to make the discoveries of such scholarship common and domestic, and the very completeness of the success achieved by Doddridge has tended to efface from the minds of the present generation the extent of their obligations to him. "It needs but the lapse of a few years, and what was rare in knowledge becomes merged in the current of educated thought, and is accepted as truism." He was without the helps that the most inferior men may now have from the progress of philology and the exactness of modern exegesis; but one of his claims to our regard is that he wrote before all these. It would be ungracious to criticise the first pioneer in a continent for not having the information about it possessed by the last explorer; let us give the pioneer his due. We claim for Doddridge the honour of being the first who attempted to popularise a critical knowledge of the Bible.

His best known and most precious book is the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." Yet, here again, it would be easy to find fault. We know that his object is to lead the poor trembler to Christ, but he seems to us to be a long time about it. He seems to lay down too many rules, and to give a needless impression of difficulty and entanglement. We think that he is too introspective, and that the attention to our own consciousness that he compels tends in some degree to withdraw the soul's eye from Christ, and to fix it on what is going on within itself. "So long as we are resting on anything within ourselves, be it even a work of grace, there remains, at least to honest hearts, a ground for continual restlessness and disappointment. To know that we have nothing, are nothing out of Christ, is to know the truth that makes us free."[2] The solemn form of self-dedication which he recommends, and which he himself observed at set intervals with great

[1] "Diary of Wilberforce," Aug. 29, 1811.
[2] "Patience of Hope," p. 121.

advantage all his days,[1] has in many instances tempted to indulgence in a legal spirit, or led to sore discouragement. Andrew Fuller says of Samuel Pearce: "At the time of his conversion, having read Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress,' he took up the idea suggested in that book, and resolved formally to dedicate himself to the Lord. He drew up a covenant accordingly, and to make it more solemn and binding, signed it with blood drawn from his own body. Afterwards, failing in his vows, he was plunged into great distress. Driven therefore into a more complete examination of his motives, he was led to see that he had been relying too much on his own strength; and carrying the blood-signed covenant to the top of his father's house, he tore it in pieces, scattered it to the winds, and resolved henceforth to depend upon the peace-making and peace-keeping blood of Christ."[2] With all its drawbacks, however, tried by the test of the good it has done, it may be called a great work. The dear heart of Doddridge was often cheered by known instances of blessing that crowned it. Writing to Darracott, March 25, 1750, we find him saying: "As to myself, I never had more cause to sing of the goodness of the Lord. . . . An unusual blessing seems to have attended my writings, both at home and abroad; especially the 'Family Expositor,' which is translated into German, and the 'Rise and Progress,' of which four translations have been made, besides a new English edition in one of our plantations." He goes on to tell his friend of the interest taken in its dispersion by the Prince and Princess of Orange, and of the tidings which had reached him of "many conversions" in consequence. Already, therefore, he began to see an answer to his printed prayer at the commencement of the book—"Impute it not, O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire that this work may be completed and propagated *far abroad;* that it

[1] "Rise and Progress," chap. xvii.

[2] Fuller's "Life of Samuel Pearce, M.A.," p. 3. A similar instance appears in the "Life of Mary Jane Graham," p. 15. By Rev. Charles Bridger, M.A.

may reach to those that are yet unborn, and teach them Thy name and Thy praise when the author has long dwelt in the dust. But if this petition be too great to be granted to one who pretends no claim but Thy sovereign grace, give him to be in Thy almighty hand the blessed instrument of converting and saving one soul; and if it be but one, and that the weakest and meanest, it shall be most thankfully accepted as a rich recompense for all the thought and labour this effort may cost." The answer is still in process; the book has had a glorious career. No reader of Christian biography but has met with some records of its effectiveness. Wherever our language is spoken, in nearly all the languages of Europe, and even in Eastern languages, it has been read with impression; by the power of God multitudes have been converted through it, and many of these have been the centres of many other conversions.

"Passages from the Life of Colonel Gardiner" is the name of another book which has left a mark in the world. The most "remarkable passage" was thought to be the story of the Colonel's conversion. In his hot youth he had fallen into the awful debauchery and extravagance which then prevailed in high society. During the month of July, 1719, he became the subject of a wonderful change, which was wrought by wonderful means, the story of which may be thus summed up. One night he had a disgraceful assignation with a married woman, whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. Breaking up from some company at eleven, and looking through his books for something to amuse himself for an hour, he took out Watson's "Heaven taken by Storm," a book which his good aunt had put into his chest without his knowledge. While glancing over it, a great light suddenly flashed on the page, and looking up, "he solemnly declared to me," says Doddridge, "that he, being broad awake, if ever in his life, apprehended that he saw clearly and distinctly, Jesus Christ upon the cross, with a strong impression on his mind of these words: 'O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?' The consequence

was that he was struck with such confusion that he sank down in his chair, and, on recovering himself a little, had such views of the holiness, justice, and glory of God, as threw him into the utmost distress and abasement; and from that moment the whole tenour of his heart was changed, and Divine grace took possession of his soul."[1]

When the work on Colonel Gardiner came out, containing the full statement of this story, the truth of it was challenged in two angrily-written pamphlets—one published in London, the other in Edinburgh.[2] We find it also disputed in the "Autobiography of Doctor Alexander Carlyle," a Scotch clergyman, who, like the pamphleteers, took offence at the Colonel's remarks about ministers holding articles of faith at variance with those to which they had subscribed. This gentleman, known as *Jupiter* Carlyle by his convivial friends, spoken of by Sir Walter Scott as "a shrewd, clever old Carle," and entitled in his own ecclesiastical circle, "Destroyer of Superstition in the Church," was predisposed to scorn everything Methodistic, and such he considered to be this account. "The Colonel," he said, "was a noted enthusiast; a very weak, honest, but brave man." He had heard him tell the story at least three or four times to different sets of people, and the circumstances were not correctly related by the enthusiasts. The time was mid*day*, not mid*night*; the appointment was for *one* o'clock, not for *twelve*; the excessive brightness was a fanciful invention, and Mr. Spears, the clergyman who confirmed the strange tale, was not trustworthy. To us, however, it seems far more likely that the Colonel would

[1] "Journal," Aug. 14, 1739.

[2] The London pamphlet has this remarkable title: "Addressed to the Clergy in General. A Letter to the Rev. P. Doddridge, D.D., Concerning his Life of Colonel Gardiner, and the Account of the Family of the Monroes, in which the Nature of Apparitions in general are Considered, and many of the Doctor's mistakes rectified. The whole interspersed with curious Anecdotes, among which the Case of Augmenting the Stipends of the Ministers of the Church of Scotland is impartially stated. London: Printed for S. Holloway in the Strand. 1749."

confide all particulars as to the sanctities of his spiritual experience to his own pastor than to any one else; that pastor's record, written down at the time, would, we think, be far more reliable than the record set down sixty years after—the record of an impression left on the mind of a man like Carlyle. We hold that the fact was accordant with Doddridge's narrative, though without altogether accepting his interpretation of it. The Colonel was a travelled man. While in Germany he had, most likely, seen a certain old painting of Christ on the cross, having under it a Latin inscription roughly translatable into the English words that seemed to have been mysteriously spoken out of another world. There must have been a dream. In dreams, forgotten sensations are quickened into freshness. In many a dream we seem to live a day in a moment, and without being conscious of a moment's sleep, he might have had this chapter of life in a dream-flash. No supernatural machinery, beyond that which is working every day, is wanted to explain the phenomenon. The gospel of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" is the instrument used by the Spirit of God in conversion, but this instrument is not always applied by a sermon. However, whatever philosophy may say as to the mode of the cause in this instance, there was no doubt as to the effect. From this point, Gardiner was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

At first the book made many persons very angry. They were so on account of the doctrine of conversion it set forth, as well as because they thought too much was said about this particular instance. They were angry because it honoured as a spiritual hero one whom they had despised as an enthusiast; and they were angry because Doddridge, who in the opinion of many ought to have known better, endorsed his pronounced orthodoxy, as well as his blunt censures of ministers who taught sentiments at variance with the standards to which they had subscribed. His friend, Dr. Ayscough, tutor to the Royal Family, writing to explain why he had not at once returned thanks for a copy of the book, says,

"What could I have said if I had wrote to you? Could I have told you that I thought it a good performance, and such as would have been of use to the world? That I could not, after the many reflections that I had heard the world make upon it. I could only have told you how much I wished you had never published it." On the other hand, many fervent spirits were delighted. "I say, Doctor," wrote Mr. Pearsall, of Taunton, "let the devil rage and his instruments flout; your account of God's wonderfully appearing to rescue that soul out of the jaws of the lion may prove the wisdom of God and the power of God to the salvation of souls." "I wish," said he in another letter, "it may be read by the whole army, and weighed according to its deserts by all, from the Duke himself to the meanest soldier who carries a musket: and, my good friend, blessed be you of the Lord, who have been the honoured instrument of handing forth so glorious a light in the view of thousands." This good minister read the work to his congregation two evenings in a week until the whole was finished. The knowledge of great good done by the memorial soon healed the stings inflicted by adverse criticism.

If the dust has now somewhat settled on the row of his other books, they were once read most eagerly. One work that did good service in its day was his "Christianity founded on Argument," an answer to a pamphlet by Henry Dodwell, the son of the Non-juror, entitled "Christianity not founded on Argument;" in which, under a show of defending the Christian revelation, he aimed to prove an authoritative record of it to be impossible. It was clever dialectic play, and exhibited a skilful use of the artifices that make for victory in a mere game of disputation; but Doddridge was a match for his quick, elusive, well-trained antagonist. Now this old form of opposition to Christianity is being revived, perhaps this defence of it may again be of use as a clear, strong, masterly word in season. Robert Hall considered his "Evidences of Christianity" as "in some respects superior to Paley's, particularly for young persons who had some religious

knowledge." He also urgently recommended his "Sermons to Young People," and of one sermon in the series, "Christ Found in the Soul the Only and Eternal Hope of Glory," that great preacher entertained so high an opinion, that one Sunday afternoon at Cambridge, instead of preaching a sermon of his own, he actually delivered this one from memory. His course of sermons on "The Education of Children," that on "The Power and Grace of Christ," and that on "Regeneration," were severally distinguished for their evangelical instructiveness, and for their adaptation to the popular mind of the age. John Foster, whose intellectual rank is so vastly higher than that of Doddridge, but whose name will ever live along with his on account of his fine introduction to the "Rise and Progress," had Doddridge's sermons read to him in his last illness. One of the last sermons read to him was the solemn one on the "Incapacity of an Unregenerate Soul for Relishing the Enjoyments of the Heavenly World." He was so much struck with it that he desired his daughters to promise him that they would read it every month, saying he thought no one could read it often without a salutary effect.[1] His revision of "Leighton on the First of Peter," which up to that time had been obscured by "the most faulty printing ever known," was a good service to the Church; and so was his translation of the good Archbishop's "Prelectiones Theologicæ," and of his "Ethico-critical Meditations" on certain Psalms.

His hymns, 364 in number, were edited, after his death, by faithful Job Orton. Others have been published by Mr. Humphreys, under the title "Doddridge's Hymn-book," and many are still in manuscript. These can hardly be called "works," as they were all flung off with happy facility, each one after he had finished the preparation of his sermon, while his mind was still brimming and kindling with the thought. Each hymn, therefore, preserves the leading ideas of some forgotten sermon. James Hamilton, after calling attention to this, beauti-

[1] Ryland's "Life of Foster," vol. i. pp. 355, 358.

fully says, "If amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns like these are spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared for ever; but, at once beautiful and buoyant, these familiar strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is loved, and where his mother tongue is spoken."[1]

On about twenty of these hymns, most especially, the Church catholic has so set the seal of her approval, that they are found wherever Englishmen live; and there is probably not a hymn-book without them. His Christmas hymn, and the hymn beginning with the words, "My God, and is Thy table spread," appeared for many years on the last page of the Prayer-book, and are associated with the "fair linen cloth" and the chancel table. "O happy day that fix'd my choice," said by Montgomery to be the grandest hymn in the language, has been used, at Prince Albert's suggestion, in the confirmation services of the Royal Family, and is also the confirmation hymn of the American Episcopal Church. Our favourite hymn, "O God of Bethel, by whose hand," was long ascribed to Logan, who included it in his own "Poems," published in 1781; but it bears date in Doddridge's manuscript, Jan. 16, 1736-7, several years before Logan was born. This hymn, like many of the others, may be said to have had a most interesting biography, which there is now no time to tell; but we must not omit to note the new charm given to our memory of it, by its use in the services when certain great Englishmen were buried in Westminster Abbey. It was sung there at Livingstone's funeral; and we feel an electric shiver as we recollect how, on July 5, 1879, when the mortal remains of Lord Lawrence, the great Indian administrator, were taken to their tomb there—when the procession stopped, and when the coffin, covered with sweet-scented flowers and the baron's coronet, was placed on a square space of sable

[1] "Our Christian Classics," vol. iii. p. 374.

cloth covering the walls of the grave—Doddridge's hymn, set to old cathedral music, was beautifully chanted, and how, while this was sounding, the body was slowly, slowly lowered, disappearing just at the point where the hymn finished with the words—

> "O spread Thy covering wings around,
> Till all our wanderings cease;
> And at our Father's loved abode
> Our souls arrive in peace."

Some reviewers have questioned the claims of these hymns to be called poetry. A man may be a good hymnist without being, in the ordinary sense of the word, a good poet. Poet or not, we think that an apostle would have included his verses in the "Psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs" which make "melody in the heart unto the Lord." If any Christian pilgrim, weak and wounded, unable to keep step with the caravan, is left behind on the lonely sands, he will be surprised, if he will but try these hymns, to find how suited they are to his extremity; how they will help to make "the solitary place glad;" and how he will have all the poetry he wants as his soul learns to sing with the soul of Doddridge—

> "O Love beyond that stretch of thought!
> What matchless wonders it hath wrought!
> My faith, while she the grace declares,
> Trembles beneath the load she bears."

XIV.

THE INNER LIFE SPRINGING: THE OUTER LIFE SPENT.

"As candles light do give
Vntill they be consumèd
Doing good, so should men liue
Vntill their daies be ended.
The truth be bold to speake,
Not fearing any face;
The Lord thy part will take,
And strength thee with His grace.
Then needst thou not to feare
Death, come he late or early:
In truth to God draw neare,
And He will loue thee dearly."

ANTHONY FLETCHER, 1595.

DODDRIDGE'S vestry is one of our shrines. The old arm-chair, rush-seated; the dark, flapped old table, tottering on legs that look like upright rows of balls; the little corner fire-place, and the deep, latticed windows, are all as he left them. There is not much to look at. Yet when we stand alone there, our souls are hushed within us, and we are more impressed with a sense of being on consecrated ground than we should be on the pavement of St. Peter's; for this, more especially during his later years, was to him a "Holy of holies," and here he often found that heaven touched earth. Here he agonised in prayer, not for himself only, but for his people, his pupils, and his children by name; here he mourned for sin; here the faith that seemed to be dead

became alive again, and the lost was found; and here he had "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Although, as Austin saith, "Every saint is God's temple, and he that carrieth his temple about with him may go to prayer whenever he pleaseth;" while we dwell in time and on earth, the life of prayer needs many helps. It needs help from system, help from solitude, and sometimes help from the sound of the voice. Like ancient saints who prayed in their *oratories*, Doddridge hastened to this solitude within a solitude, where he could pour out his heart, sure that there could be no auditors of his awful privacy. Apart from this consideration, the central stillness of the place itself was a help to a public man like him, and in the old poetic sense of the words, it was often a place of escape from "the windy storm and tempest." During the month of April, 1743, the "Ram" Inn, just over the way, was one of the houses of the Knightley party, and scenes like those now alive in Hogarth's "Election" cartoons, were witnessed there every day. "I am insulted abundantly by the mob," said he, "with most outrageous clamours; . . . probably, if they durst, they would be glad to trample me under their feet." On the 16th, when the shouts "No Hanbury! no Doddridge!" were loud in the street, and the storm was at the worst, he was all the while writing to Miss Saunders, a young lady who was one of his wards, on the best methods of preparation for the Lord's Supper; but just as he had got as far as a sentence about "the peace and delight" springing from "a humble, diligent, and holy walk with God," the disturbance became intolerable, and he wrote, "The very disagreeable circumstances in which I have been obliged to write, amidst almost continual interruptions, one of them from a kind of battle under my study window, must be my apology for the confusion and inaccuracy which you may see in almost every line and word." At such times, as well as when other calls were distracting, we can understand what significance there was in his frequent words, "my asylum, the vestry."

The first Monday in every month was here spent as a

fast day. His views on the use of fasting appear to have been those which are quaintly condensed by an old divine: "My flesh is my beast. Christ is the way I am to go. If the beast be too wanton, shall I not withdraw some of the provender? If I cannot govern him, shall I not tame him?"[1] While fasting, he prayed about his plans and his people, in review of the past month and in prospect of the coming one.

Here also, at this very table, he wrote many of his solemn, but artless diaries. Some diaries make us think that the poor souls revealed in them are proud of their graces; are even proud to stand before the public with the white sheet of penitence falling over them in folds of ornamental drapery. We protest against such emblazonments, and think that no one, even in his own case, has a right to publish the secrets of the confessional; but these diaries were not published by the writer. He never dreamt of such publicity. He wrote because it was his nature to write. He seemed always to think, feel, pray, and search the secrets of his heart, pen in hand; so that he was always putting himself on paper, and allowing his inner life to register itself without being quite conscious of the process. Probably it was a help to him, just as praying aloud was a help to him, and spirituality was intensified by definition.

It was a saying of the late Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury, that "no man was likely to do much good in prayer who did not begin by looking at it in the light of a work, to be prepared for and persevered in with all the earnestness which we bring to bear on subjects which are in our opinion at once most interesting and most necessary."[2] Doddridge looked at it in this light; and the consequence was what Dr. Chalmers has called *the intense business-like* spirit of his prayers. In fact, prayer was to him a business which he was bent on understanding well, and carrying out thoroughly. In order to this he was a

[1] Dr. Donne.

[2] Canon Liddon's "Elements of Religion," p. 172.

man of rules. Besides the rules already noticed for seasons in the vestry, he always had on his desk, ready for reference, a paper of rules for the devotional life of the week. Each day had rules for its own specific errands to the throne of grace; questions for self-examination, topics for meditation, and resolves for conduct. Lists of persons to be prayed for according to their specialised characters and wants were all under rule. Let system have only its right use, and let it never be forgotten that the rules are for the man, not the man for the rules, then such a habit will only help the springing of the inner life; it certainly did so in the case of Dr. Doddridge, and private exercises of devotion, carried on in modes most natural to himself, made his latest years years of vehement heavenliness.

> "Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
> Thou livest by rule. What doth not so but man?
> Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths;
> Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
> From his ecliptic line; beckon the sky.
> Who lives by rule, then, keeps good company."

Poor man! his body was not so prosperous as his soul. The outer man was getting spent in rapid energy of service. The death of Dr. Watts in 1748, left him the most conspicuous minister among the churches of his own order, and he was more than ever consulted on matters needing leadership. He became increasingly a miser of moments. In a note written about this date, we find that he kept up his old practice of rising at five in the morning.[1] Every month made him a more influential worker. The reward of work is work. For the wear and tear of a life like his, an iron man was wanted, and he never was that. Sir Godfrey Kneller and his friend Pope were once valued by a slave-trading gentleman as worth about ten guineas the pair. Once, Doddridge might have fetched about the same, but he had deteriorated.

[1] See "Family Expositor" on Romans xiii. 13, note K.

He was getting worn out as much by worry as by work. In a letter to John Ryland, M.A., of Warwick, May 17, 1747, he said : " I have been much afflicted by the breach made in our church by the Moravians, who have got from us a little congregation ; the affliction has been increased by the death of some very promising and hopeful persons, especially of one who died last night, and whose age, circumstances, and character concurred to give us the greatest hopes of usefulness from him ; so that it is one of the greatest blows of that kind I have received since I came hither. My spirits are much grieved and oppressed. Pray that I may be enabled to wait on the Lord with quiet submission and humble hope." [1]

His causes of anxiety are more fully explained in the following passages written at about the same time to Mr. and Mrs. Darracott :

"God is pleased to exercise me of late with much greater discouragements as to my ministry than have attended me in the whole course of it. Considerable numbers have been removed by death and other providences, the places of which have not been filled up by those who have succeeded. God has suffered sin to break in upon us, and we have been obliged within these ten years to separate at least ten persons from our communion as scandalous ; and, what discourages me most of all, there are several who have withdrawn from the table of the Lord and other ordinances, concerning whom I had good hope that they were real Christians. Particularly last sacrament day, both Mr. and Mrs. Ager quitted us, as Mr. and Mrs. Maud had done a month before. . . . In the evening they go to hear a Moravian tailor, who lives in the town, and who is come hither to gather, if possible, a Moravian Society. Their pernicious error is that external worship signifies little ; and they have hardly any ordinance among them but singing, unless concerts for music, which they get when they can, may be called

[1] " Rylandiana," p. 140.

ordinances. Strongly do I suspect the secret working of Popery among them; as I know they have prostrate adoration in their communion, and am credibly informed that not only do they pay great regard to crucifixes, but that in one of their hymn-books there is a song to the Virgin Mary. They also certainly teach the power of the Church to forgive sins, and they have such notions of the infallibility of the Church, which they teach even to the children, under the phrase of following their Mother where she leads them, that I think no Papist could speak upon this head in stronger terms; but all this mischief is done in the name of the Lord, and under pretence of exalting the Lamb. . . . They cry down all preaching of inward work of repentance and holiness, as if it were the very subversion of the gospel of Christ. Could I perceive that while these things happen one way there were any considerable increase of the Church, or any support of the power of the gospel among others, I should be the more comforted to bear the affliction; but I have the grief to tell you that additions to the Church have these last two years been very few; no more than thirty have been added since April was twelvemonth (when we took in six together), and I believe we have lost since that time almost double the number of communicants, supposing these seceders to be lost, as I am much afraid they are. Nor can I find that many are awakened by the Word; nor can I prevail with many excellent Christians who have long been standing out to come and join themselves to the Church. How these things grieve and wound me, I leave you to judge; but I communicate them to you, that you may pity me and pray for me. I have indeed one token for good, which is that these things have really quickened my spirit of late to cry to God with more earnestness than I have commonly done for the more evident success of my ministry; but I cannot yet see that my prayers have been answered, and some of these discouraging circumstances, especially with regard to the Moravians, have happened even since

these cries have been most fervent. I forgot to tell you in a more proper place that Mr. Evans, once a clergyman, has also left us, not for any other ordinances whatever, but to continue at home or to walk in the fields, and reading the Bible under a pretension that human explications do but pervert and corrupt the Word of God, and that it is to be taken in its own simplicity. Thus I see souls ensnared around me on every hand, and my attempts to recover them do really signify nothing. All these enthusiasts are as confident as if immediately inspired, and only repay with pity, if not with scorn, all attempts to bring them to sounder sentiment. And what is most deplorable of all, is, that many who continue in their attendance continue unconverted and unimpressed under the most awakening preaching.

"I have seriously examined myself as to the cause of these things, and have a testimony in my conscience that I never more sincerely sought the glory of God, and I think I never preached or wrote with more that seemed in my own soul the token of His presence. . . . Give me, my dear brethren, your prayers; send me also your advices. . . . Bring my case before your praying societies; tell them that I labour in vain, and spend my strength for nought; and that the work of the Lord is not established, but my eyes do almost fail, while I wait for God's salvation. Perhaps I am leaving the world, and God is weaning me from it. I truly sometimes think sincerely whether God is not pointing out to me some different scene of labour; and yet I am very unwilling to conclude it, especially as I am dearer than ever, rather than less so, to the main body of my people; and the influence which I plainly see I have among my brethren here, and the flourishing state of the interest of religion all around me, for almost all the congregations are in an advancing state, is a further encouragement to continue. O may I know the mind of God! O may I be reconciled to all His will, and go on strenuously and faithfully preaching the gospel, though I should have no more success in my ministry than Jeremiah or than Noah had

in theirs! and O! what a rebuke to think that the success of such eminent men was no greater, and that I am so ready to be disquieted when God is blessing almost all the other works of my hands! His will be done. I desire to leave all with Him. But I do long more and more after the salvation of souls, and the edification of the Church; and the Lord pardon His servant in this matter, if these longings be sometimes impatient. Let me only add one word. I have sometimes had a thought that God suffers things to decline, that the revival of religion, when He returns in mercy, may be so much the more remarkable; and perhaps, too, that some of my brethren who in their great humility are ready to think me much their superior—though, alas! I am far from being so—may either be more thankful if God do succeed them, or more resigned if He do not. On the whole, my dear friends, I desire to refer all to the Lord, and to acquiesce in His will. I am sensible I am not better than my fathers, and in many respects much inferior to a multitude of them; and if God says He does not delight in me, for the purposes of building up His Church here or elsewhere, I desire to say, 'Here am I, let Him do with me what seemeth good in His sight.' But as I was determined with all humble submission to His will to renew my fervent intercession at the throne of grace more frequently for a blessing on my ministry, I was desirous to engage your communion on these addresses."

Thoughts like these wear the body out, and make the soul like a sword of fire, working through its sheath.

One of the hymns alluded to in the letter contained the following stanza, intended to be a description of the Church:

> "The daughters reverence do,
> Christess, and praise thee too
> Thou happy *Kyria*, daughter of *Abijah*,
> Ve—Ruach Elohah, sister of Jehovah,
> Manness of the man Jeshuah,
> Out of the Pleura hosannah."

This verse is not at all more remarkable than many that might be quoted, but it happens to come first, and is given as a fair specimen of what was thought to be ideal hymnology by these professedly advanced Christian thinkers, and as affording at the same time a proof of their extravagant exaltation of the Church. They also allowed Count Zinzendorf's claim to be absolute ruler in matters ecclesiastical, under the title of "Papa," which was only an affectionate form of the word "Pope;" therefore, all things considered, Doddridge was not morbid in considering that their system looked like a mode of Popery, and we are not surprised to find that these strange doctrines, now avowed by his old friend, gave him a shock of surprise and revulsion. The Methodists, represented by Whitefield and Wesley, had already felt the same. Sir John Thorold and other devout members of the Establishment, who, regarding the *Unitas Fratrum* as the most ancient, yet most spiritual of Episcopal Churches, had for some years communed with it, now felt forced to disown it, and had returned to communion with the Church of England. We must be allowed to say in passing, that these remarks have reference to the eccentricities of one single individual, and to the evils resulting from them. Not the very faintest reflection is cast on our brethren of the Moravian Church. We would humbly tread in the steps of their heroic missionaries, would study the models of holy love that so enrich their story, and feel that when we think of Gambold, Latrobe, and James Montgomery, their very names ought to be means of grace.

One symptom of the *marasmus* into which the church at Northampton had sunk was decrease of numbers. He alluded to this in the letter only in general terms; but we learn from certain memoranda found elsewhere, that there had been a falling off in this respect since the year 1745, and his last statement on the subject is: "In looking over the account for the year 1749, I find that twenty-two had been admitted, and twenty-two removed by death or otherwise, so that we were just as at the beginning of the year—

in all, 239."[1] This is a study for those who teach us that the Divine credentials of ministers must be looked for in the statistics of their visible success. The worth of no work is known till it is done, and his work, even at Northampton, will not be done till the trumpet sounds.

After gathering from all quarters the breviates for the year 1750, we find that, besides multifarious correspondence, besides expository and devotional lectures, and besides ordinary work for church and college, he preached one hundred and forty-five times. In January, he published "Christian Charity and Unanimity Stated," a sermon preached at a meeting of ministers at Creaton. Further important work arose out of the alarm caused by an earthquake in February. The fabled rock of Britannia heaved from its basis: three times, all England was tilted up two or three inches from end to end, and the water in every river dashed over the bank on one side, like water spilt from a cup when shaken. There was a horrible sense of insecurity, and the roads leading out of London were crowded with the carriages of fugitives, who hastened into the open country out of danger from falling houses. Doddridge published in "Philosophical Transactions" notes of the phenomena as observed by himself;[2] and on August 20th delivered a burning sermon at Salters' Hall on the subject, taking for his text, "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell." One immediate effect of this was that it roused Mr. Forfitt, a wealthy merchant who was present, to go at once and found the "Book Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor." He sent the preacher the first donation of Bibles and catechisms, and later on said to him in writing, "I do not know, dear sir, whether justice does not oblige me to inform you *that, if the world receives any advantage from this design*, I think, under God, it is indebted to Dr. Doddridge; for as the sacred fervour which animated your addresses from the pulpit when last in town, kindled a spark of the same

[1] Castle Hill Church Book.

[2] "Philosophical Transactions," vol. xlvi. p. 712.

benevolence to souls in the breast of one who could no longer retain his desire of usefulness within the compass of his own small abilities, without exciting others to the same views." This society distributed Bibles and Tracts for nearly fifty years before our more illustrious Bible and Tract Societies began their career; and there can be no reasonable doubt that it helped to suggest and quicken into existence these and other institutions with the same object both in England and America.[1] Its own story, told in a hundred and thirty annual reports, is a right noble one; and it is a rousing thought that all the vast usefulness, direct and indirect, growing out of it, sprang from seed sown by Doddridge.

In the course of the year he prepared for the press a letter to Count Zinzendorf. He also laboured to further the endeavours of the Protestants to found a college at Breslau, "which was to be after the German plan, and to comprehend all sorts of schools," but which chiefly had reference to the education of ministers. This, he thought, "would have a wonderful influence on the state of religion in Silesia." The project had been encouraged by help from Holland, as well as from several English congregations. He tried to obtain "a brief" in aid of it from Lambeth; but the Archbishop, advised by the Episcopal bench, returned a negative to the application.[2] This year he also worked hard, both by speech and by writing, in endeavours to check the ravages of small-pox, by recommending the practice of inoculation. We have nearly forgotten this ancient terror. It used to be always hovering near. You could go into few companies without seeing faces scarred by it. Without taking time to search, we happen to light on twelve of Doddridge's letters in collections before us, each of which contains harrowing reference to it. The remedy introduced from Turkey in 1722 was the best then known, but the popular dislike to it, against which Doddridge and others had to work, was almost invincible. "It was a new thing—it

[1] Sermon by John Rippon, D.D., 1802.
[2] Stedman's "Letters to and from Doddridge," p. 305.

came from foreigners—needless fuss was made about the small-pox—people did not die of that so much as of the doctors." This seems to have been Dr. Warburton's opinion, who on February 2, 1741, characteristically wrote: "We have it now, and have had it some time in the village from whence I write. . . . About forty have had the distemper, and all recovered but two, who, without my knowledge, sent for an apothecary, who soon did their business! But I have taken care for the future that those who die of it shall die a *natural* death. The very same case happened here three years ago. The same number then had it, and but two died, and of the same distemper—the apothecary!" When Christians have made up their minds against a reform, they generally extract a reason for their decision out of Scripture. It was so in this case. Inoculation was denounced as tempting Providence by superinducing disease, endeavouring to counteract a Divine visitation, and imitating the action of the devil, who caused boils to break out on the body of Job. In town and country, in public and in conversation, he tried to meet the religious difficulty, and also published the following tractate: "The Case of receiving the Small-pox by Inoculation, Impartially considered, and especially in a Religious View. Written in the year MDCCXXV. By the late Reverend Mr. David Some; and now published from the original Manuscript by P. Doddridge, D.D. 'I will ask you one thing, Is it lawful . . . to save life or to destroy it?' 1750."

In the course of this year he made fresh attempts to serve the cause of Christian missions. It will be remembered that in a conference of ministers in 1741, following his memorable sermon on "The Evil and Danger of Neglecting Souls," he submitted a plan for the formation of missionary auxiliaries, and founded an earnest appeal upon it. We have no report of results from this appeal. Five years after, Thomas Harmer thus wrote to ask what was being done:

"Be so kind as to let me know what success you have

met with at Northampton in your plan, and what methods you have taken to apply the contributions of your friends for that purpose, so as to answer the design most effectually. *I am apprehensive of very great difficulties* in the doing of any tolerable service for the propagation of the gospel; nor have I received much instruction from a collection of papers published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in 1719, which I have in my hands. I presume it must be by the channel of New England that you propose to do some service in this way; however, it would be agreeable entertainment to me to receive an account from you concerning the management of these collections, and, if there be any room for it, I shall be desirous of recommending it to our brethren in these counties, so it may be brought into deliberation at our meetings." [1]

It is probable that, though much was felt, little was done. Some doubted; some thought about the scheme in the spirit of Matthew Greene's couplet—

> "Reforming schemes are none of mine,
> To mend the world's a vast design!"

Others shook their heads and were of opinion that, although it was all very well to say "the gospel should be preached to every creature," it was a vastly difficult thing to carry out; so the suggestion was not taken up with spirit. We are not able even now to answer Mr. Harmer's queries. No notes survive to show what funds were raised, or how they were applied. We know that Dr. Doddridge was the medium of what was attempted, and that the enterprise took the direction of America. Our colonies were a fringe skirting the coast; and in the continent beyond—now wonderful with the life of a great empire—were vast lakes of grass and mysterious woody wildernesses, in which the red men had their wigwams and hunting-grounds. Their tribes were very numerous. Bancroft

[1] Wilson MSS.

speaks of forty on the east side of the Mississippi, and these poor heathens, starving in filthy wretchedness and cruelty, yet in frequent contact with our settlers, justly and naturally had the first claim on our kindness. It is not likely that Dr. Doddridge had many contributions in hand, but we have evidence from letters written in 1750 that what he had were applied to the assistance of missionary efforts made by Christian colonists who were stationed at the southern outposts of civilisation. Mr. Samuel Davies, Presbyterian minister of Hanover County, Virginia, was one of the leaders of these, and there is an interesting letter written by him to Doddridge this year, giving intelligence about the mission, and thanking him for help. Dr. Doddridge also had to do with the earliest measures for founding the college in New Jersey, now called Princeton College, and this was part of the same missionary work. Writing to Mr. Macculoch April 27, 1750, Mr. Whitefield says: "Last week, I saw Dr. Doddridge concerning it, and the scheme that was then judged most practical was this—that Mr. Pendleton's letter should be printed, and that a recommendation of the affair subscribed by the doctor and others should be annexed, and that subscriptions and collections should be set on foot. . . . The spreading of the gospel in Maryland and in Virginia in a great measure depends on it." Job Orton says: "He lamented that there were so few missionaries among the Indians near our settlements in North America; and was very desirous to train up some serious youths of good health and resolution to be employed in this capacity. Two of his pupils were educated with this view, and would cheerfully have gone upon this service, but their nearest relations would not permit them. 'Such,' saith he, 'is the weakness of their faith and love! I hope I can truly say that, if God would put it into the heart of my only son to go under this character, I could willingly part with him, though I were to see him with us no more. What are the views of a family and a name, when compared with a regard to extending my Redeemer's kingdom, and gaining souls

to Christ?'" The reference here is to his disappointment in two young men, who in 1750 were understood to be going from the academy as missionaries to New York. His heart was more than ever devoted to the missionary cause, and it was about this date that he exclaimed, "I am now intent upon having something done among the Dissenters, in a more public manner, for propagating the gospel abroad, which lies near my heart. I wish to live to see this design brought into execution, at least into some forwardness, and then I should die the more cheerfully."

In his letters of this year are several allusions to an improved state of health, but hints found in the letters of friends show that they felt doubtful about it. His tall, slender, stooping form; his thin, flushed, vibrating features; the hurried breath and hollow cough, now and then suggested misgivings. There were many persons in the world who prayed earnestly that he might have long life. Here are sentences from a letter written in November, 1750, by the Countess of Huntingdon, who was then very ill:

"Prayers from me you will have; and I believe one of the last I put up will be to beg a reward for you. The involuntary voice of my heart is glory, glory! Sure great things are to be done soon, or I unfettered soon from flesh and blood. I will, should the kind lot be appointed for me, rejoice over you as your ministering spirit, and I shall always have good news to bring you. I will watch carefully to protect your life long upon earth, for the sake of thousands; and then, by gentle operation, help to unfold your garment of flesh, and with my fellow companions waft your gracious spirit to the bridal feast of the Lamb, and will hymn on Mount Zion your glorious deliverance."

In a letter to Mr. Darracott, dated December 5, 1750, he says: "My worthy and ever honoured friend and father,

[1] Transcribed by Mr. Darracott. Darracott MSS.

Dr. Clark of St. Alban's, died last night, after having been wonderfully renewed of late, and having a growing prospect of returning to public usefulness. I think he administered the Lord's Supper on the Lord's day; was better than ordinary at noon, but was immediately seized and carried off in a paralytic stroke. O blessed spirit! how does he exult in the regions of everlasting day! How sweetly does he celebrate the praises of his great Deliverer, and repay, as it were, in additional activity, to the utmost of his enlarged capacities, the want of service which the declining state of his health has of late months rendered unavoidable! May his memory never be absent one day from my mind, but may I ever remember how eminently he honoured God, and was honoured by Him, and may I tread in those shining steps in which he was so remarkably and so steadily a follower of Christ—for a steadier Christian I have never known, nor a man more uniformly good!" [1]

Dr. Clark, since known to thousands of humble Christians by his "Scripture Promises," was the friend on whom Doddridge had been accustomed to lean, and from whom since the days of his orphaned childhood he had received constant, wise, and beautiful kindness. The letters that passed between the two fill a thick quarto volume of manuscript. Riding to the funeral of his friend through the white winter day, he caught a cold, from the effects of which he never recovered. The next year was a year of last things. His last printed performance came out in January, under the title, "Meditations on the Tears of Jesus over the Grave of Lazarus," and was his funeral sermon for Dr. Clark. His last sacramental service was on June 2nd, when, after preaching on "the General Assembly and Church of the Firstborn," he spoke with solemn delight on the view of Christ in the Book of Revelations, as holding the stars in His right hand and walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks. The last work he prepared for transcription out of shorthand for the

[1] Darracott MSS.

press was "A New Translation of the Minor Prophets; with Paraphrase and Notes." This was finished June 5, 1751, but still remains locked up in the original cyphers. Perhaps the last glimpse we have of him as taking part in Methodistic service is when, at Lady Huntingdon's seat at Ashby, we find him discussing with Whitefield the question of the new Tabernacle, joining in hearty approval and promise of support. This we believe to have been a little later in June. A day or two later in the same month, he preached at a meeting of ministers at Sudbury, and made his last attempt to rouse public interest in the cause of foreign missions. The last visit he paid to his friends in London was June 21st. We have found several unpublished letters written by him to Mrs. Doddridge in the course of this visit. In one of these, dated June 22nd, he says, with reference to his recent engagement at Sudbury, "*I hope I have laid a good stone in the foundation of that scheme for the propagation of the gospel, which you know I have lately had so much on my heart.* I thank God, I feel more and more daily how little the value of life is, any further than it may subserve the purposes of the Divine glory and the good of mankind, in the pursuit of which I live and die; and I hope I may say, such prospects opening upon us indeed increase my obligations to take all the more care of my health, which, out of gratitude to my dear wife, who is pleased to set such a disproportionate value upon it, I also would do."[1] June 25th, he wrote, "I am pure well, and have been very merry to-night, and laughing abundantly at poor Mr. Addington about his mistress, who, if I can help it, never shall be his wife."[2] June 29th, he wrote, "If there be any consideration in the world, next to the honour of God and the edification of the Church, which could make me wish to see many future years, it is that I may enjoy your delightful friendship, and repay it by every act of gratitude and expression of tenderness. I know not how sufficiently to thank you for the charming letter which I have re-

[1] Wilson MSS. [2] Ibid.

ceived from you last night, and I think I have been better ever since. . . . I have been pure well all the day, and my cough has been very civil." Speaking of a visit to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he said, "He looks most charmingly well; I think, several years younger than when I first saw him, as perhaps your Methusaleh may do some years hence."

His last sermon at Northampton was preached July 14th, and was founded on the words, "For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." The last service of all was a charge delivered July 18th at the ordination of Mr. Adams, of Bewdley; from Bewdley he passed on to Shrewsbury, where he spent several happy weeks in the house of his old friend and former pupil, Mr. Orton. While here he received a letter from Mr. Barker, which had in it these passionate lines:

"Consent and choose to stay with us a little longer, my dear friend, if it please God. This is not needful to Northampton and its adjacent towns and villages only, but desirable to us all, and beneficial to our whole interest. Stay, Doddridge, oh stay! and strengthen our hands whose shadows grow long. Fifty is but the height of vigour, usefulness, and honour. Don't leave abruptly. Providence hath not directed thee yet on whom to drop thy mantle. Who shall instruct our youth, fill our vacant churches, animate our associations, and diffuse a spirit of piety, moderation, candour, and charity through our villages and churches, and a spirit of prayer and supplication into our towns and cities when thou art removed from us? Especially who shall unfold the sacred oracles, teach us the meaning and use of our Bibles, rescue us from the bondage of systems, party opinions, empty, useless speculations, and fashionable forms and phrases; and point out to us the simple, intelligible, consistent, and uniform religion of our Lord and Saviour? Who shall —— but I am silenced by the voice of Him who says,

'Shall I not do what I will with mine own? Is it not my prerogative to take and leave as seemeth me good? I demand the liberty of disposing of my own servants at my own pleasure. He hath laboured more abundantly. His times are in my hand. He hath not slept as do others. He hath risen to nobler heights than things below. He hopes to inherit glory. He hath laboured for that which endureth to eternal life—labour which the more it abounds the more it exalts and magnifies its objects, and the more effectually answers and secures its end. It is yours to wait and trust, mine to dispose and govern; on me be the care of ministers and churches. With me is the residue of the Spirit. Both the vineyard and the labourers are mine. I set them in work, and when I please I call them, and give them their hire.' With these thoughts my passions subside, my mind is softened and satisfied. I resign thee, myself, and all to God, saying, 'Thy will be done.'"

In August, at the advice of his physician he visited Bristol to try the effect of the Hot-Wells, and a clergyman of the Church of England invited him with the most delicate kindness to accept his house as his home until he could find lodgings near the spot. Dr. Maddox, the Bishop of Worcester, paid him a visit, and offered him the use of his own carriage at the stated times of drinking the water. Becoming still weaker, he was advised to try a voyage to Lisbon. To defray the cost of this, a few friends, including Lady Fanny Shirley, Lady Chesterfield, and the Countess of Huntingdon, contributed three hundred pounds, the latter giving one-third of the amount. Leaving Bristol September 17th, he stopped for a few days at Bath, on his way to Falmouth. Here he was Lady Huntingdon's guest. We are indebted to Mr. Toplady for the following anecdotes:

"While Dr. Doddridge was at Bath, on his way to Falmouth, Lady Huntingdon's house at Bath was his home. On the morning of the day on which he set out from thence for Falmouth, Lady Huntingdon came into his room, and found him weeping over that passage in

the prophet Daniel (chap. x. 11, 12), 'O Daniel, a man greatly beloved.' 'You are in tears, sir,' said Lady Huntingdon. 'I am weeping, madam,' said the good Doctor, 'but they are tears of comfort and joy. I can give up my country, my relations, and friends into the hand of God; and as to myself, I can as well go to heaven from Lisbon as from my own study at Northampton.' Told me by Lady Huntingdon, at Clifton, this day, Aug. 19, 1775.

"She also said that Dr. Warburton (the present Bishop of Gloucester) came to see her the evening before the day above-mentioned. Dr. Doddridge, Dr. Oliver (the physician), and Dr. Hartley (author of 'The Observations on Man'), were in the room at the time. Warburton, who never knew anything of politeness or refined behaviour, ran out very furiously against what he called enthusiasm; and observed, however, that 'all enthusiasts were honest, though extremely warm and extravagant in their zeal.' Shortly after, Oliver Cromwell's name came on the carpet; and Warburton termed him 'the greatest enthusiast and the greatest rogue that ever existed.' Lady Huntingdon pointed out the inconsistency of such a remark, from the gentleman who had said just before, 'enthusiasm and honesty always went together;' but Warburton (who, I believe, was never known either to blush, to retract, or to apologise) brazened it out very lamely." [1]

Ten days after he had left Bristol, which from unfavourable weather on his journey, bad roads, and increasing weakness were days of great fatigue, he arrived at Falmouth, where he was the guest of Dr. Turner, until the time of his embarkation. While here he expressed himself in this way when writing to a friend, we believe Mr. Darracott:

"I am, upon the whole, better than could be expected after such a journey. Let us thank God, and take courage. We may yet know many cheerful days. We

[1] Toplady's Works, vol. iv. pp. 141, 142.

shall at least know (why do I say at *least?*) one joyful one, which shall be eternal. I have trespassed a great deal on your time, and a little on my own strength. I say a *little*, for when writing to such a friend, as I seem less absent from him, it soothes my mind agreeably. Oh! when shall we meet in *that world*, where we shall have nothing to lament, and nothing to fear for ourselves or each other, or any dear to us! Let us think of this as a momentary state, and aspire more ardently after the blessings of that. If I survive my voyage, a line shall tell you how I bear it; if not, all will be well; and as good Mr. Howe says, I hope I shall embrace the wave which, when I intended Lisbon, would land me in heaven! I am more afraid of doing what is wrong than of dying."

Mr. Toplady has referred to some of Dr. Warburton's salient characteristics. There was, however, kindness under the roughness, and he deserves to be held in perpetual remembrance for his last kindness to his sick friend. He, with Mr. Allen of Prior Park (Fielding's Mr. Allworthy), used their influence at the London Post Office to obtain for him, in the packet, the exclusive use of the captain's cabin, who was not sailing on that occasion. On September 30th, accompanied by his anxious wife and a servant, he set sail from Falmouth. He was what is called "a good sailor," and, seated in his easy-chair, enjoyed the soft wind and the sight of the shimmering, heaving sea. Best of all, he had the happiest thoughts of his life. He would say: "Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, no words can express." Mrs. Doddridge afterwards declared that sometimes the rapture that lighted his face reminded her of his own lines—

> "When Death o'er Nature shall prevail,
> And all the powers of language fail;
> Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
> And mean the bliss I cannot speak."

When the ship was gliding up the Tagus, and Lisbon

with its groves, gardens, and palaces appeared in sunny perspective, the sight seemed to give him a fresh glow of health and spirits. He was warmly received at the house of Mr. David King, whose mother was a member of his congregation at Northampton, and here the illusive appearance of increased strength soon vanished, and on October 26th all was over. Put a flower into the cold hand, let all passion sink into peace. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Black, for those who wear the white robes of the glorified, seems to be out of place; but we may wear it for the bereaved. Lisbon was a disappointment. Poor Mercy! To her the sun shone with a cruel glory, and the air swept with a mocking freshness now. But she was not left comfortless. Even in the hour of her first, unspeakable solitude, the Great Comforter filled her with His own strength. In writing the story of her last distress, she said to her children, "'God all sufficient, and my only hope,' is my motto; let it be yours."

"Doddridge is gone," said George Whitefield; "Lord Jesus, prepare me to follow after!" Spoken or unspoken, this was the prayer of many a mourner. Some of those who were most earnest in presenting it, and who tried to follow him most faithfully, were left long on the road. His widow was on her lonely journey after him for nearly forty years; and three of his children lived to a much later date. Our plan does not permit us to tell the tale of their lives; but this is the order in which the members of the family passed away:—Philip, only son, died unmarried, March 13, 1785, aged 47; Mrs. Doddridge died April 7, 1790, aged 82; Mary, who married John Humphreys, Esq., died June 8, 1799; Mercy died October 20, 1809, aged 75; and Anna Cecilia, October 3, 1811, aged 74.

In the *Times* for May 23, 1879, there was this notice, quoted from the *Athenæum:* "The tombs of Henry Fielding and Dr. Doddridge, who are buried in the English cemetery at Lisbon, have been cleaned, and their

inscriptions renovated, by the order of the Rev. Godfrey Pope, the resident chaplain. The monuments of these famous Englishmen sadly required such an attention."

Few will question the claims of Dr. Doddridge to be entitled, as in this notice, "a famous Englishman." Say that he was not a famous English classic, not a famous poet, not a famous orator; he was yet a great man. He was a great genius, if we accept Carlyle's definition, "Genius, which means transcendent capacity for taking trouble." He was a great worker, and we have shown that, by strict system and constant plodding, he did an amount of work in twenty years that hardly any other life can match. He was a pioneer in several great enterprises of social and evangelical beneficence. He was a great pattern of charity. He was a great instrument of conversion—if not in his own lifetime, yet ever since; for every year since he died, thousands, consciously or unconsciously, have enjoyed good thoughts, good impulses, and helps to Divine life that had their instrumental origin in the soul of Doddridge; and if, to borrow the phrase of the other famous Englishman, whose name has just been connected with his own, he had not "great greatness," he had great goodness;—this we say remembering that "what is good in us, is God in us." Few men have been more useful than he by the power of those "indirect influences which distil from a life, rather than from sudden, separate, brilliant efforts;" and if no other motive existed for calling fresh attention to him, there would be that which the present essayist takes leave to express in borrowed words—the last words ever written by the late Dr. Hodge, of Princeton College—who, when giving his reason for setting before his students the life-story of a great, good man, said: "I wanted to show how much good could be done by simply being good."

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01236 6656